Vol. CXXVII. No. 1653.

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AUGUST 21, 1929.

The BYSTANDER

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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Geneva.–The Beau-Rivage.–Finest pos. on the lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. All mod. comfort. Former prices reduced. Rms. fm. Sw. Frs. 7.

SWITZERLAND—*continued.*

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The Bystander, August 21, 1935

No. 1653. Vol. CXXVII.

The BYSTANDER

ANNA NEAGLE AS PEG WOFFINGTON

Anna Neagle has something of a repetition of her Nell Gwyn part as the impudent, witty, attractive Irish girl, Peg Woffington, who becomes the idol of the Old Drury audiences, with David Garrick as one of her adorers. Cedric Hardwicke is Garrick to Anna Neagle's Peg in "Peg of Old Drury," as he was Charles II. to her Nell in "Nell Gwyn." Herbert Wilcox again is the director. "Peg of Old Drury" starts its run at the Leicester Square Theatre next Monday, the 26th

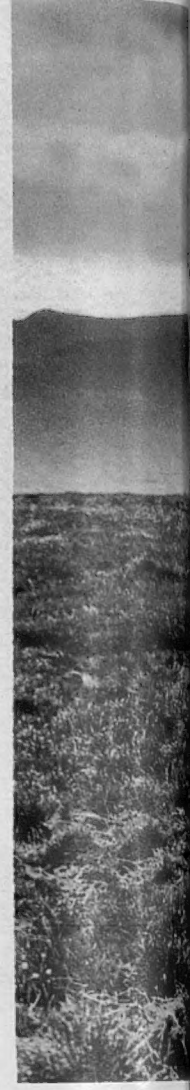
In the Border Country

Above : Mrs. Hamilton and Sir Jock Buchanan-Jardine were out on the 12th with Lord Lauderdale's party on the Blythe moors, near Lauder

Lady Lauderdale

Above : Lady Lauderdale handing over a brace of grouse after the first drive of the season over the Blythe moors

Right : Major and Mrs. G. O. Sandys were out with the Lauderdales' party on Wednesday last week, when they shot over Burn Castle moor



The Duke

The

Below : Sir Philip Cunliffe at Swinton, his Yorkshire whose husband, the new Pe guest of Sir Philip Cunliffe

An American Contingent in Perthshire

Mrs. Phipps is on the white pony, riding beside her host, Mr. Herbert Pullitzer, who this year has taken Kinloch, the Devonports' place near Dunkeld, which the late Lord Devonport always shot himself

Miss Grace Amory was one of Mr. Pullitzer's guests at Kinloch. She 's American, a good golfer, but shuts her eye to take aim along her gun barrels

f Montrose and Mr. T. Bland Shot the Brodick Castle Moors Over Dogs

Twelfth Has Come and Gone

And the Invading Army from the South Takes Possession of the Moors

Lister had a party for the Twelfth place. With him is Mrs. Tryon, master-General, is a regular Lister's on his Masham moors

Kilts in Inverness-shire

Mr. F. W. Walker (left) is shooting the Leys Castle moors, near Inverness. Two of his guests last week were Captain W. J. Mainwaring, and Dr. John Simpson, of Edinburgh

In Berwickshire

Captain and Mrs. Maxwell shot with Sir William Burrell at Maysheil, in the Lammermuirs, which looked their lovely best under the August sun

Above are Mr. Archibald Murray and Lord Mansfield, who were shooting with Mr. Tom Burrell at Amulree

Below: Sir William Nicholson was out on the Twelfth, shooting over the Summerstone moors in Yorkshire

Out In the Sun

The Riviera is Full of Honeymooners and Bachelors

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Eddowes

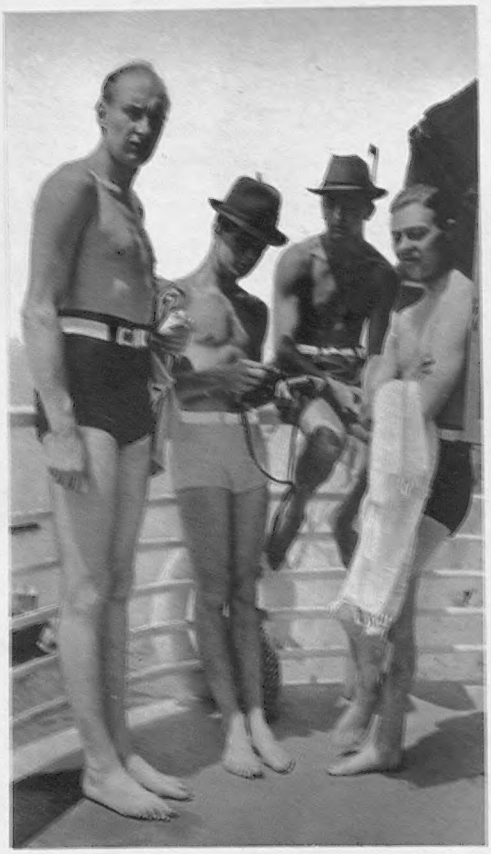
Are two of the honeymooners; they were married in London at the end of July. She was Daphne Halifax

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Tyzack

Have been married a month or two but still count as a Riviera honeymoon couple. Mrs. Tyzack was Lorraine Johnson before her wedding

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Inglis Jones

Above: the Inglis Jones' bathed from the Grand beach at Cannes. They were married last winter; he is Lord Lisburne's cousin, and she is American, and was Mrs. Cushman

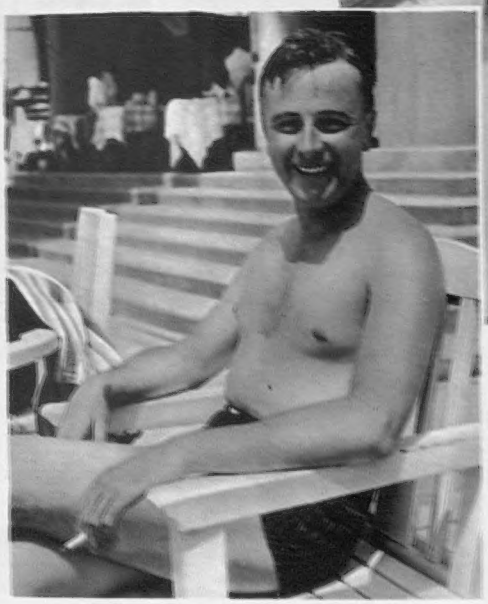


Four Young Men

Wonderful place—the Roc—where young men are in a majority. These four are George Tonge and John Hislop, who flew over from Biarritz, and Charles Oppenheim and Andrew Maxwell, a cousin of Lord Lovat, who both motored from Austria—hence the Tyrolean hats

Mrs. John Moffat

Was sitting in the Antibes sun and looking very fetching. She comes from Philadelphia, and her husband from Scotland



"Nici" de Molas

Right: Nicholas de Molas is the young Russian artist who now works in London; he designed the dresses for the Debutantes' Ball in June. He had been bathing at the Monte Carlo beach

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 116

Hon. David Rhys

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

EVER since he was a child, David Rhys always wanted to go into the hotel business. This was viewed more with amusement than anything else by his family. But the years passed. He left Eton and went to Germany and France to learn languages. His determination strengthened, with the result that five or six years ago he found himself in the kitchens of the Metropole, where he promptly lost a stone in weight which he has never regained. Even this did not stop him. So they made him a commis. And what a commis he made, whisking plates around like a conjuror, and being duly tipped by his admiring friends and relatives. For by now they knew he meant it, and after all, the tip went to the tronc.

And so he went on, steadily climbing the rungs and doing the chores, his willowy figure growing still more willowy, while he went into the book-keeping department, and then became reception clerk, and later banqueting manager at the Dorchester. It was while in this job he became engaged to and married Lady Anne Wellesley.

DURING the first few months of his marriage he scarcely saw his wife at all after luncheon, and seldom before. Then came his great chance, and, at an astonishingly early age, he got the job of being assistant manager of Claridge's. But he is, of course, still learning all the time. Since then he has been put on the night shift at the Savoy to learn all about making out the accounts of guests, and he has been sent to the Berkeley on the early morning shift to learn all about provisions.

David Rhys is related to half London. He is a first cousin of Lord Jersey and Lord Longford, he is a nephew of Lord Dunsany, a great-nephew of Lord Leigh, a son of Lord Dynevor, and the son-in-law of the Duke of Wellington. He is now a proud father, and being a keen Welshman, has named his son and heir Llewellyn. He is fond of bridge, though a wild caller, and a tolerable golfer, though his back-swing is negligible. His knowledge of foods and wines is remarkable for a young man, even in his special position.

He lives in Norfolk Crescent, is the happy owner of a Rolls (the result of a legacy from a contented client), and enjoys every minute of his life, which, indeed, he deserves. He plays squash with such determination at the Bachelors, that he goes white. He never shows his annoyance however trying his guests may be. Above all, he is always at work, both in hours and out of hours. I have an idea that Mr. Reeves Smith, the grand old man of the hotel world, considers that he has made a real capture in David Rhys. Personable young men with good manners, patience, and a determination to succeed are not easy to come by.

The Theatre

Left: Cedric Hardwicke, the royal butler in "Tovarich," at the Lyric

Right: Eugénie Leontovich as the parlour-maid Archduchess in "Tovarich" proves herself a front-rank actress

Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello adding lustre to "Glamorous Night" at Drury Lane

THERE was a time when the dog-days of August made dull dogs indeed. The streets went up in St. James's, the few people left in town went up the river, and the notices went up in most of the theatres. Nowadays, however, a London August is by no means a procession of dreary days and drearier nights given over to bucolic hayseeds and the more blatant type of trans-Atlantic rubber-neckers, and more than a few West-End theatres are doing business which prevents the cobwebs from collecting on the "House Full" boards.

Defying the Dog Days

Sketches by Rouson

AMONG the oldest and most obstinate of the theatrical successes still going strong is *The Wind and the Rain*, at the Queen's Theatre. Here Celia Johnson and Robert Harris are demonstrating nightly that, whatever other metereological qualifications this comedy may possess, "frost" is not one of them. *Sweet Aloes*, at Wyndham's, is another oldest inhabitant, although its run was temporarily checked when Diana Wynyard—now back again and going as strongly as ever—was out of the bill owing to illness.

AT Drury Lane, *Glamorous Night* is still receiving clamorous acclamations from audiences which delight in Ivor Novello's latest play. As well as the author himself, Mary Ellis and Barry Jones are among a very large cast in which quality has most certainly not been sacrificed to quantity. Nearby, another author-actor in young Emlyn Williams is providing a study of a boastful young murderer which is drawing all lovers of a well-written play and first-class acting to the little Duchess Theatre.

Ballard Berkeley and Wendy Hiller, the young lovers in the most sincere and moving, "Love on the Dole," at the Garrick

FOR those who prefer soufflée to strong meat in their dramatic fare, there is an ample provision. That hysterical historical extravaganza, 1066 *and All That*, at the Strand Theatre, is providing history without tears, but *with* tiers of eager scholars who find delight in our rough island story undreamed of in their Upper IV. days. *Gay Deceivers* has settled down nicely at the Coliseum, where Charlotte Greenwood provides sophisticated urban humour, Clifford Mollison adds his quota to the gaiety, and Claire Luce delights the ear and eye.

THAT charming Chinese play, *Lady Precious Stream*, has temporarily ceased running at the Little Theatre, but not because of any damming. The theatre in question is receiving a thorough wash-and-brush-up, and on September 9th the People's National Theatre starts its new season there, and the stream in question will be again running as strongly as ever.

AT the Garrick that very sincere and moving play of unemployment, *Love on the Dole*, is still attracting big audiences, and the comparative newcomer, *Noah*, is affording John Gielgud a chance to delight audiences at the New Theatre with his brilliant study of that flood-defying old patriarch.

Celia Johnson as the little New Zealand sculptress in that obstinate success, "The Wind and the Rain" at the Queen's Theatre

Three Graces

Who Adorn the English Stage

Heather Thatcher

Blonde, vivacious, and clever, she has in her time played very many parts in shows ranging from revue to Somerset Maugham comedy. She is cast for an important rôle in Ivor Novello's new play, "Full House," which is to open at the Haymarket to-night

Diana Wynyard

For whom Wyndham's Theatre must have become almost a second home, so long has "Sweet Aloes," in which she plays the leading part, been running. As Belinda Warren, she gives a performance which, for its delicacy and power, has won her further laurels

Mary Brian

Mary Brian has reversed the usual procedure by migrating from Hollywood's film studios, where she has starred in many important "talkies," to the English stage. She is to star with Douglas Byng and Dorothy Ward in Charlot's new revue, "Stop—Go," due at the Vaudeville on September 4th

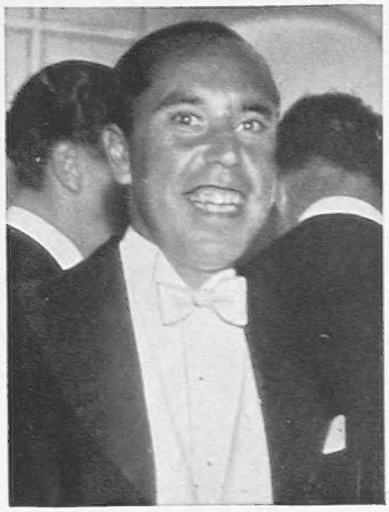
PLAYBOYS OF THE

The Lads who go *Everywhere* and do *Everything*

Leonard Govett, soon to be a Benedict, is next to **Baron Nicky de Gunzbourg** the wittiest playboy in Paris. Leonard may retire from the ranks—Nicky never

Sir Robert Throckmorton is known as "the sleepy baronet." He has a crinkly smile and the casino habit

Cecil Latta is serious. When in London he works. When at Deauville he races. When in Switzerland he skates. Pleasant, eligible, reserved



Hamar Bagnall, close comrade of Govett, commutes between St. Moritz, the Bath Club and the restaurants. Is dark and dashing

"Suicide **Freddy" McEvoy** is brave. He likes to be laughed at. He likes Cresta riding and he likes the High Table

Left: **David Looker,** who seldom speaks, goes everywhere with Ralph Harbord and the snappiest girls

Lord Hindlip and **Captain Rutherford** get around. "Sam" is plump and kindly; "D'Arcy," a perfect dancer, devoted to his Canadian wife and four-year-old daughter

Giovanni Stagni, Milanese playboy, dines with the right people at the Grands Galas. Has numerous London acquaintances, including a tailor in Savile Row

Teddy Wagg has lots of fun and lots of lovely partners in his own quiet way

Tremendously sought after is little **Billy Clyde** who skis divinely, has dimples, an American accent, a pretty English mother and plenty poise

Bobby Loewenstein, whose father was lost in a memorable air crash at the beginning of the slump, follows the de luxe pattern

Bobby Nothman is the nicest Animateur from U.S.A. Hard working, conscientiously comic and the double of Bobbie Howes

WESTERN WORLD

Blonde **Ralph Harbord** seems on a perpetual party—deb dances, slick resorts, he-man sports

Lord Portarlington, whose son is a retiring twenty-seven-year-old, remains the perennial butterfly, flitting from place to place — amusingly anecdotal, originally dressed

Left: **Lord Michelham,** who likes bathing at Deauville in a beret, mild yachting and still milder gambling, is a brilliant mimic, a radio fan, and an original

Very, quiet, is tall, droopy, delightfully vague and occasionally witty **Jim Lawrence,** for whom "ubiquitous" was coined

Billie Reardon, who rules over the Palace Bar at St. Moritz with a wand of persuasion, has unfeigned gaiety and a memory like nobody's business

Rodney Soher, who is good-looking, intelligent, and elusive, likes to have no plans, no ties and no commitments. Could tackle difficulties but has none. The ladies—God bless 'em — love Rodney

Camillo Aldao, whose family is one of the best in that proud country, Argentina, knows more people than anyone we know. Calls them all "darling." Never fails

Family Party at Frinton

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Massey and Their Children

Raymond Massey and his attractive actress-wife, Adrianne Allen, have been staying down at Frinton with their sons. Geoffrey is Raymond Massey's boy by his first wife, Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle's daughter, who is now Lady Sebright. The small sturdy Daniel is around two years old, and has got his mother's fair hair. Raymond Massey comes from Toronto, has been on the stage since 1922, and will be thirty-nine on August 30th

Adrianne Allen and Daniel, Raymond Massey and Geoffrey

Daniel Massey

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

You don't seem to us to be worrying enough about the present cricket crisis, to a letter on which topic Auntie *Times* devoted three-quarters of a column in big type on her leader-page the other day—as much space as light-minded foreign newspapers devote to much lesser international crises of the first magnitude. It 's a pretty urgent and terrible situation, anyway. The evil and decadent new ball is sapping the morals of our sturdy bowlers, and a great agonised cry is going up from the civilised world to the M.C.C. "Give us a ball with a dull surface!" is the universal shout. "Eradicate the baleful influence of leg-play!" Alike in Tierra del Fuego and Finland, in Peru and N'Bongaland, the population stands grim-jawed and ashen-hued, shaking its fists and clamouring for action. By the desolate shores of Gennesareth the lonely fisher bows over his net, grinding his teeth with shame and fury. The Eskimo's harpoon drops from his nerveless hand, the streets of Belgrade and Vienna are filled with fiercely demonstrating mobs, in Berlin several high officers of the General Staff have sworn off rouge till the crisis is over, in Soviet Russia they are hanging themselves in batches, and a general strike is threatening in Paris. We should not wonder, either, if audiences at the Vatican were temporarily suspended, and if the White House were barricaded at this moment against the just anger and despair of the American populace.

Our own suggestion is that a big, painted rubber ball, decorated with tiny rabbits and fairies, might relieve the tension for the moment. We suggest that the M.C.C. might authorise the use of this ball, hitherto employed exclusively by dear little girls, until the other children can be weaned from the horrid, horrid new ball which is causing so much havoc and undermining the prestige of the Race, God help us!

Yoo-Hoo, Holiday Girl!

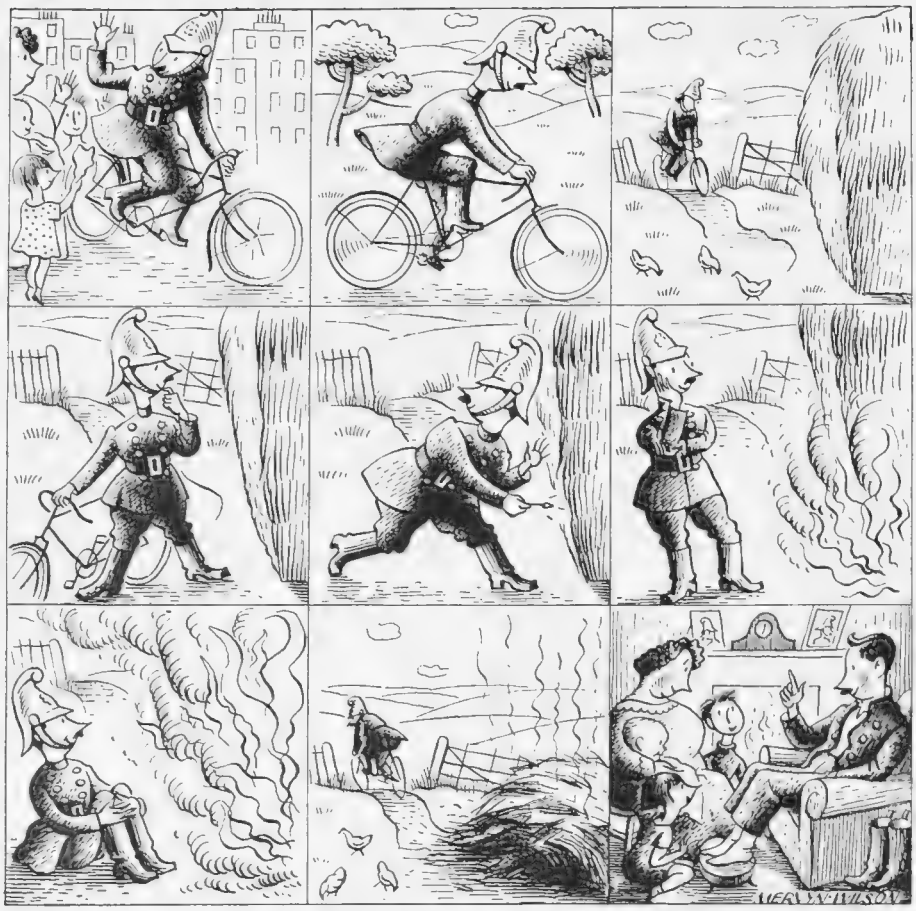
The Holiday Girl doesn't seem to be rapturously flinging her arm up and yoohooing for the photographers this year as much as formerly. We 've observed her recently at various South Coast resorts, and we 've carefully scanned the picture-papers also. Most probably she 's afraid to, ever since a man we know threatened in print last autumn to market a special hook for hauling down the Holiday Girl's arm, which bores most people, we suppose. It 's his own invention—a sort of telescopic boathook, with the crook bound in tasty art velvet. His idea was to engage an army of shabby mournful little men in bowler hats to wander round popular beaches all day, gently bringing the Holiday Girl to reason with these boathooks. They wouldn't make any comments or remarks. They 'd just get all those shapely white arms down, yoohooing or not yoohooing, and the result would be æsthetically beneficial. We 've never found out why the Holiday Girl confronted with a press photographer immediately flings up her arm and cheers. It may be what Fleet Street calls the Holiday Spirit. Anyway, everybody 's had about enough of it, year after year. We asked our friend about the recalcitrant ones whose arms fly up again immediately they 're unhooked. He has devised special straps for these—very dainty straps, in sweet art fabrics.

The Everlasting Nay

The gallant stand made by the Editor of the *Sunday Excess* against the Mayor of San Sebastian the other day was very interesting. The Mayor invited the boy by telegram to visit San Sebastian and judge for himself whether "your important paper" (sic) was right in trying to warn British tourists from going to Spain. Haughtily and with brusquerie the *Sunday Excess* boy put the wretched foreigner in his place, refusing by return telegram to visit San Sebastian "while the monstrous sentence on Captain Kane still stands." Tu autem, Domine, miserere Hispaniæ!

Well, it 's all very well to be a sturdy little champion (self-appointed) of our undoubted rights and liberties, but we do think Fleet Street editors ought to quit their native suburbs now and again and view the great big world when opportunity offers. They could never approve of the things which go on abroad, or of foreigners generally—most of whom are black, and have eyes in their chests—but we fancy the experience might be valuable. A day trip to Boulogne might do to begin with. Or a week-end in Spain, enabling the traveller, like Arnold Bennett, to write fearless articles denouncing foreign ways. What we feel is that while sturdy suburban commonsense is admittedly more valuable in forming judgments than mere knowledge, the boys would get considerable moral satisfaction out of such trips, because they 'd prove themselves so right.

"What? We're not playing for money? Oh well—five no trumps"



The Fireman's Holiday

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 44.—K. R. G. Browne

To write witty prose for a living
Is a job at which many would jib
And observe with the direst misgiving
The foolscap unmarked by the nib.
With feelings confoundedly queasy
They 'd groan and they 'd moan and they 'd frown,
But I guess that the task must come easy
To humorist K. R. G. Browne.

In a style that 's unforced he 'll dilate on
The foibles of husbands and wives,
And likewise you 'll find he is great on
The topic of gay double lives,
When the hero togs up as a valet
And the heroine acts as a maid,
While Sally succeeds verbal sally
So fast it 's one long cannonade.

Be it article, play, or short story,
He always will give of his best,
He shuns every gag that is hoary,
No chestnut he 'll pass as a jest.
How sad, then, to realise that after
The pains that Browne takes with his works,
His labours are greeted with laughter,
His brain-waves regarded with smirks!

B. W.

more delicious or musical, more attuned to the fragrant spring evening, the venerable avenue, the distant twinkling lights of Paris, and the genius of that historic place.

With a Yo, Heave Ho!

It would seem that the Admiralty made a slight bloomer in stating recently that sailors in the Victory were

In saying this, we have no animus whatsoever against Fleet Street editors, two or three of whom we know intimately. They 're dear men, dear, dear persons, and their virginal innocence is very precious to us, on the whole.

Nocturne

The modern urge to stick a glue-factory in the middle of any really exquisite beauty spot seems likely to be checked, for once, by the Prefect of Seine-et-Oise, who is determined to preserve what remains of the famous view from the Terrace at St. Germain-en-Laye, the charming little old town of Henri Quatre and Louis XIV. and our own James II. The Yahoos have already erected an array of factories in the green sweep of the Seine valley, and the outer suburbs of Paris are creeping closer. It 's an even bet, incidentally, whether the modern French speculative builder is a viler hound and sworn enemy to beauty than our own kind.

The last time we had a high-priced cocktail in the Pavillon Henri Quatre on the Terrace, where Louis XVI. was born, something of the ancient atmosphere seemed to hang about the place, for a party of wealthy Parisian sugar-daddies were dining their girl friends there, very haughty and expensive confections indeed. It all seemed just right to us, except that their manners, probably, weren't so good as those of the gay ladies of the old French Court and the financiers who played round with them—even financiers had good manners then. Still, the spectacle had an odd old-world charm, and when one of the beauties, stepping into one of the Hispanos, addressed one of the cavaliers as " espèce de chameau," we thought we had never heard anything

to be "dressed in the uniform of the Trafalgar period," for the reason that there was no naval uniform—lower deck, at least—at that time. As an authority has pointed out to us, naval ratings of Nelson's time (and up to fifty years later) got their sea outfits at the ordinary slop-shops at Portsmouth and other depots, and prints of the period show the diversity of their costume. Hence the ritual glazed hats, striped vests and bell-bottoms of Drury Lane and other stage Trafalgar seamen are pure fiction, like the alleged perpetual gaiety and solid worth of those who follow the sea.

Numbering some half-dozen naval blokes among our acquaintance, and having (what is more) mingled with the Goat Club at golf, and observed them at their pleasures, we are in a position to confirm Dr. Johnson's crack about sailors. Boswell having once observed chirpily, "Sailors are happy," the Doctor growled back, "They are happy as brutes are happy—with a piece of fresh meat—with the grossest sensuality." This, in our experience, includes Chiefs and P.M.O's, equally with Schoolies, Number Ones, and Owners. It is for this reason that so many naval men, weary of lifelong debauchery and libertinage, turn churchwarden in their old age, or (what is more alarming) go haywire over the Secret of the Pyramids or the Lost Tribes of Israel. Is it any use trying to improve their lives? We propose doggedly to continue, as long as pink gin remains at the price it is aboard H.M. ships of war.

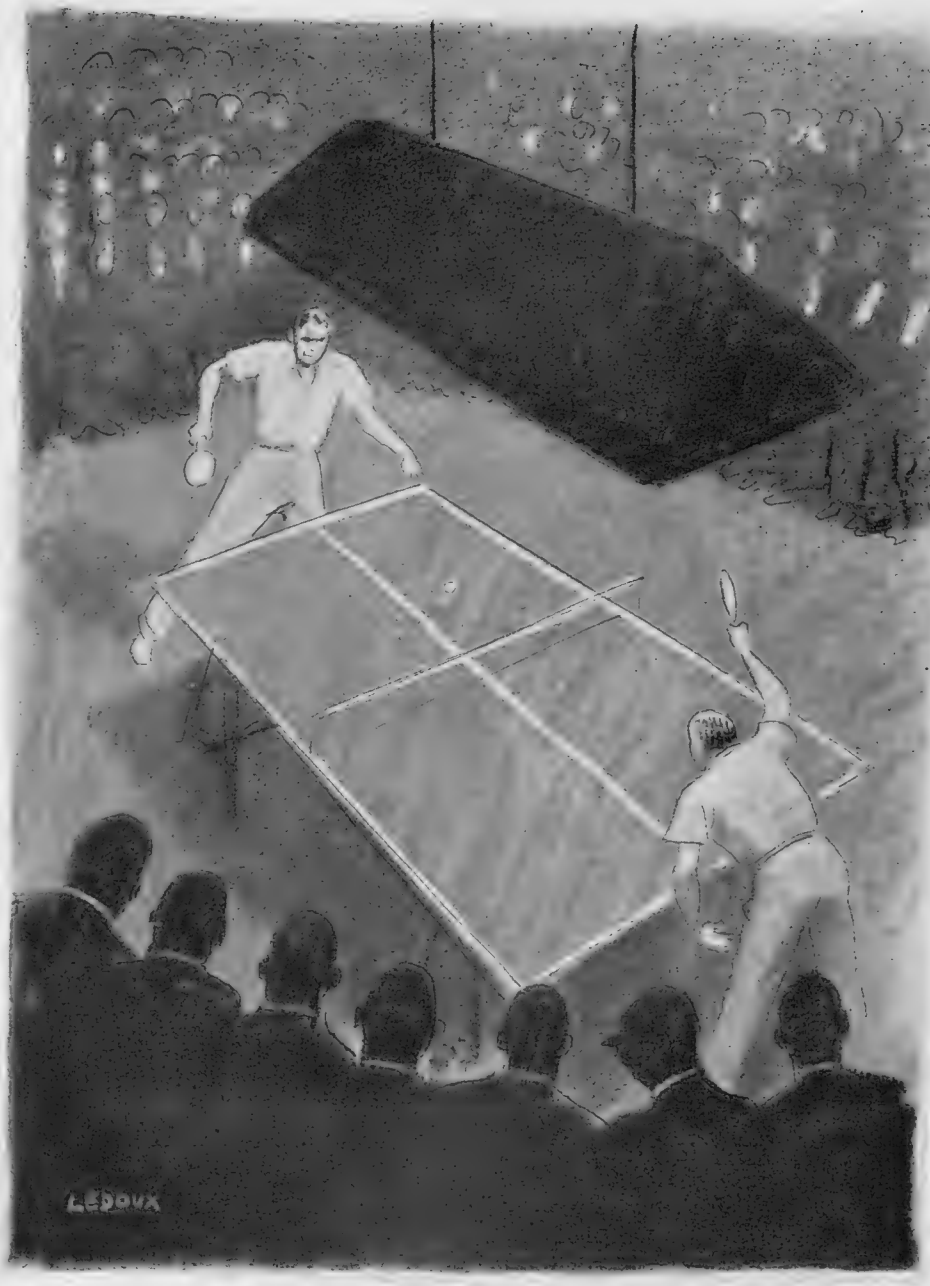
Fish to You, Too

"DREAMING of fish at the bottom of very clear water," observes a tame necromancer employed by one of the dailies, "is supposed to be a certain sign that money and social advancement are coming to you." This interests us, because we are normally very fish conscious. Night after night we've sat in various smart restaurants, numb and dazed, screwing up our eyes and trying to shake off the feeling that we were in an aquarium, miles deep in green misty water, watching all sorts of fish going round and round. Many smart people admittedly look like horses, but many more, in our experience, look like fish; their staring eyes particularly have that expression of slightly offended and glazed dubiety which every fish-lover knows. We've dreamt of more than one Mayfair hostess in our time. It's never got us very far, socially or financially.

The French, incidentally, are also fond of fish, and use fish-names a great deal socially. "Maquereau," for example—or "maquerelle," if one is addressing a lady—fulfilling the useful social function implied in the name. "Dauphin," again. An extensive ichthyological nomenclature (as our old tutor used to say) has arisen in French to designate the type, and on casually looking up the excellent Roget, we find to our surprise that we have "mackerel" as a synonym for "procuress" in English also. Why this particular fish? We must ask the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries some time.

Mark Over

TYROLESE peasant girls threw posies, people tell us, at the cars which inaugurated the new Gross-Glockner trans-Alpine highroad the other day. It passed off very well, unlike a recent affair in London, where some of the bunches of flowers thrown by laughing Society girls turned out to be clever imitations cast in lead by Ye Dinkie Posie Guilde, of Chelsea. The idea was, of course, publicity. Several guests were removed dead. The remainder, realising before long from the dull impact of the leaden blooms on their ears that there was a catch in it, took cover and dexterously returned the fire. One large girl in particular became a target for a great many posies, and would undoubtedly have been knocked cockeyed, had it not transpired that there was a catch in that, too, for she turned out to be stuffed.



"I tell you the man's making history"

Celtic Twilight Sleep

CARADOC EVANS, Scourge of the Cymry, was hardly up to form, we thought, on the subject of the Welsh National Eisteddfod this year. Beyond describing it in a London evening paper as an orgy of self-praise, a nonconformist-ridden and greed-inspired murderer of decent art, and "the institution of a nation of penny whistlers," Mr. Evans had nothing much to say against the Eisteddfod of his countrymen. Last time we met Mr. Evans, which was years ago, he was in better Caradocesque shape, remarking casually (*a*) that as a triumph of (something) self-satisfied fifth-rate mediocrity the Eisteddfod beat even *Punch* as a national monument, and (*b*) that if anyone wanted to know what God thought of the Welsh, it was only necessary to remind the inquirer that He sent them Mr. Lloyd George.

It *is* a little odd, as a matter of fact, that of the Celtic nations the Welsh, the Cornish, and the tailless and retiring Manx have never produced anything—barring the genius of Augustus John—worth remembering in all the centuries of their existence. The Irish and the Bretons have it all. (And how!) There used to be a Pan-Celtic Movement which made gallant attempts to combine the brains of all five sections in one Celtic family, but apart from the Irish and the Bretons it simply didn't exist.

THE BYSTANDERS.

Dr. Allick Smart

Will Hay is as funny as he's ever been in his new film, "Boys Will Be Boys," which is based on Beachcomber's "Narkover" characterisations, and has Gordon Harker in it as a forger. It has just started a run at the Tivoli

Right: Carl Brisson (without the much-discussed beard) and the clever, attractive Mary Ellis in the Ruritanian musical that went to the Plaza last week, and is reviewed on this page

"All the King's Horses"

FILMS of the DAY

Another Good Film Gone Wrong

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

IT is a little difficult to decide just where and why *The Clairvoyant* takes the wrong turning. The theme holds promise of originality and filmic opportunities. The name part is played by Claude Rains, whose brilliant acting, ruthless sense of character and impressive delivery dominated *Crime Without Passion*. The role of a charlatan who, to his own surprise, finds that under certain influences (feminine, of course) he has genuine psychic powers, should be admirably suited to his methods and unromantical personality. He is well supported by Fay Wray, always at her best in de-sentimentalised roles, as his wife and partner in the fake thought-reading act; Mary Clare as his mother is suitably intense in a harrowing death-scene; and Athole Stewart is, as ever, faultless in a minor part. Jane Baxter never "emerges" as the woman with mediumistic inspiration. One cannot believe that either psychically or sexually she could effect the revolution in the life of such a man; but this flaw does not sufficiently explain the general impression of disappointment.

THERE is, implicit in the development of the theme, a mentally stimulating element of irony, since the man, whose cheating prognostications are accepted, is accused of charlatanism and of helping to bring about one of the disasters he truthfully predicted. But this, the most interesting aspect of the theme, is lost in a labyrinth of unessential side-issues and the sentimental situation between the man, his wife and the mediumistic interloper.

DEFINITELY, Rains himself is disappointing, from the point of view of the very high standard he has already set. This is really because the dialogue is dull and is taken too slowly. Really significant lines may be emphasised by pauses and prolonged delivery but banalities are only accentuated by the same method.

The cutting makes the action jerky and inconsistent. Remembering the beautiful dovetailing of action in *Crime Without Passion*, one is forced to the conclusion that the direction is at fault.

I HAVE an admiration for Mr. Maurice Elvey. I know his sincerity and his early and invaluable enthusiasm for British film craft. His silent version of *Hindle Wakes* was one of the most interesting, perhaps the most competent, expositions of technique made in this country, and he has many other notable pictures to his credit; but he seems now to be inclining towards a too leisurely and "stagey" manner. I am not a "speed merchant," but smoothness, consecutiveness of both idea and action are essential to a good film. While Claude Rains, for his own sake and the prestige of British actors, must not be tempted, by the merited eulogies evoked by his previous exploits, to exaggerate himself and spread the butter of his personality too thinly on the bread of his material.

If I have seemed to devote disproportionate space to a film which is, frankly, not of the very first importance, it is because I hated to see a good theme, a good director and a good actor just fail to amalgamate successfully to produce a really good picture.

NOW let us turn to lighter and brighter subjects—the ebullient, the vivacious Carl Brisson (one of the few men I have ever known to whom the latter adjective was absolutely appropriate) in what is now classified "Ruritanian Romance," with music, called *All the King's Horses*. Mary Ellis, with her delightful voice and discreet beauty, is the heroine. When I add that Edward Everett Horton is a penurious Count, I need hardly tell you that this film is pure entertainment and leaves grey matter and tear-ducts unmolested.

It begins in one of those strange but romantic (?) countries where they have financial difficulties but gorgeous uniforms (you know how Carl Brisson loves dressing up) and he is the king preoccupied with affairs of (small) state. But as all roads, or rather film strips, lead to Vienna, we must make the journey, while Brisson's "double," played by Brisson, occupies the throne.

We have ceased to be wildly excited by these double photographic effects (although they have certain technical efficiency interest), and criticism has been aroused by Carl Brisson's beard. But, after all, if he had the courage thus to disguise his debonair, Nordic clean-shavery, it should be accounted to him as a virtue, and many a de Mille film has used the yards of hirsute adornment of participants as an advertisement.

The music is not very brilliant or enlightened, but the whole show is bright and has the impetus of enthusiastic participation by principals and producers. Director: Frank Tuttle. Some excellent dancing numbers.

Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

THE HON. PRISCILLA SCOTT-ELLIS

Here is a new photograph of Lord and Lady Howard de Walden's third daughter, born in 1916, and now the "eldest unmarried" of the five sisters. The eldest is the Hon. Mrs. James Lindsay, and the second, Elizabeth, married Count Serge Orloff-Davidoff in July. John Scott-Ellis, the Howard de Walden's only son, and his wife have a daughter who is just over a week old; Mrs. Scott-Ellis was Countess Irene Harrach before her marriage last year

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Right: Lady Warrender went to the Phœnix Park race meeting with the Brinsley Plunkets. Racing didn't start till six in the evening, which suited everyone (and the cocktail bar) very well

Lady Warrender

Sir Alfred Beit

Sketched after swimming in the Brinsley Plunket's pool at Luttrelstown, near Dublin. He's still on crutches, having broken his leg some time ago, but that doesn't stop him swimming

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

IT'S pretty hard to have to sit here and twiddle our thumbs, recording the doings of other people in other places. "Scotland must be packed," an American girl said the other day, and from the number of people we hear of flying North she's about right. London is an extraordinary place, for, with all this coming and going, houses shut, one's friends away, there are lots of places that are as full and as gay as ever.

London in August

Go to the Savoy Grill to supper and you will see dozens of people whose names glitter in electric lights on theatre-fronts, and, in addition, Lady Cunard, Lord Stanley of Alderley, and Mrs. Simon Brand.

Lunch at Quaglino's and you will see Lord Inverclyde lunching with Rex Colclough in the "royal box"; Mr. Condé Nast and Cecil Beaton discussing business; the Percy Lawson-Johnstons always together; that chic Canadian, Connie Dawes, hatless, planning an out-of-season cocktail-party; the Pat Andersons, who look like brother and sister, entertaining strangers. Then, do what we did, and after dining lazily and comfortably at an almost Continental hour (neuf) in a friend's house, go to the Empire at ten o'clock. Having registered ourselves as fans for life of William Powell (who seemed in some way to remind us vaguely of Will Rhinelander Stewart), we walked to the Café Royal, finding charm and novelty in the crowded streets, people drinking beer on the pavement outside a Regent Street restaurant, an unbelievable London, and one worth while staying here to know.

The Rumba is Child's Play

FORGETTING our firm intentions for an early night, we found ourselves at 1 a.m. at the Shim-Sham in Wardour Street. Since Frisco has gone to Cannes, either for a holiday or to tweak business from the local boîtes, a Harlem-minded Mayfair amuses itself at this semi-coloured club in Wardour Street. The band is marvellous, with Hetty from "The Nest" at the piano, the walls decorated with clever "coloured" drawings by Ivan Sanderson, an ex-Etonian, and you will see by far the best dancing you can see anywhere in London. The rumba is child's play to the Shim-Sham regulars.

Sir John Entertains

AT Deauville, famous habitués include the Aga Khan, his Begum, and his son, Prince Aly, who are all in the family villa. Mr. Zographous, the Greek gambler of international fame, is there, but not on his yacht, which is chartered to—sorry, we forget to whom. On a recent gala night at the Casino, Sir John and Lady Latta were giving a large party, which included Lady Phyllis Allen and Lord Michelham. Others seen were Lady Dufferin, Lady Milbanke, Mrs. Thursby, Lady Stanley, and Mrs. Loel Guinness. The weather was glorious, and visitors realised for once that there is a shore and real sea at Deauville as well as a casino, racecourse, and a Ciro's to lunch at.

The Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket

Had a big party at Luttrelstown for the Dublin Horse Show, including the Warwicks, Lords Sligo, Haddington, Elveden, and an appropriate number of attractive girls

The Prince at Play

A LETTER from the Riviera seems to suggest that Cannes is gayer and fuller than Monte Carlo this summer. The faithless six o'clock crowd has apparently deserted the bars that were overcrowded last year, and intrigued by the idea of Georges Carpentier as a bar owner, are swarming to the terrace of the Malmaison in the grounds of the Grand Hotel. The

promenaders on the Croisette have a good view of Maurice Chevalier, who good-naturedly sits in the front row when he calls. Landmarks that remain unchanged are Lord Portarlington's enormous hat, and smudges of hot cheese on small discs of stale bread! The success of Carpentier's new enterprise was sealed by several visits of the Prince of Wales and his friends. They also went to Florence's, that fascinating walled-in open-air place with an enchanting band, which we are astonished to hear is now closed. Lord and Lady Brownlow were members of the Prince's party, and they all went over to St. Tropez one day by sea. The Prince was looking bronzed and happy and seemed to be enjoying his hard-earned holiday no end. We are ashamed of ourselves for wondering whether the name of Lord Cholmondeley's villa, "Le Roc," has anything to do with Rocksavage!

Money Goes to Money

THE other Roc (Eden) is pretty full, we hear, but rather with people who are still looking for what three-year-old picture papers lead them to believe. Josephine Baker struts about, an amazing figure in the tightest white satin swimsuit imaginable. Lady Mendl, wearing a terrific white hat, has taken the Clos de la Garoupe, the small house belonging to Lady Norman, who is at the Château de la Garoupe herself.

That money goes to money, and "you can't pick it up if you don't put it down" is a famous platitude, we admit. Its truth, however, was proved at the Palm Beach Casino the other night, when young Stephen Raphael bought a bank that had run eleven times at the big tables, ran it eight more, and then repaired to Juan les Pins, where he won several thousand pounds—not francs—at baccarat. He's so nice one could only say "good luck" to him.

"John Bull" at Aix

SOME friends of ours went to Aix-les-Bains early in the season, and report that Miss Moya Beresford, Lord Decies' daughter, was the best-dressed Englishwoman there. He himself was looking more like John Bull than ever, and a quite fantastic scene occurred when Cecile Sorel arrived in a purple motor-car and wearing a trailing purple robe and gold Roman helmet. Needless to say, she was the star turn of the Concours d'Élégance, and no one else had as much as a look in.

When Heart Song Won

THERE were some gay Irish house-parties for the Dublin Horse Show. At Luttrelstown, the Brinsley Plunkets' guests included Lord and Lady Warwick, Lady Warrender, Lord Sligo, Lord Haddington, Miss Camilla Russell, and Miss Barbara Jameson. In addition to the Phœnix Park races, greyhound racing was popular, especially on the occasion when Mr. Brinsley Plunket's dog, Heart Song, won—great excitement and celebrations. Our spies report that, at the races, Lady Warrender wore bright blue with a blue and white halo; that Mrs. Brinsley Plunket wore black and white, which showed up her quite dazzlingly fair skin, and Lady Warwick, in pink, and hatless and stocking-less, caused a mild sensation "in the Bog."

The "Quinney" Gilbeys and Sir Anthony Weldon were staying with the More O'Ferralls, and went to the Louth Hunt Ball in the Countess de Brantes' party (she was Lady Moira Forbes), who had that charming Austrian, Miss Desirée de la Tour, a blue-eyed brunette, staying with her.

An Unselfish Honeymoon

WHAT else have we heard; who else have we seen?

Among well-knowns vegetating quietly and enjoying the simple life are Lady Moira Combe, who has a house at Littlestone, whose hair is bleached real gold, and whose thirteen-year-old daughter is taller than she is—believe it or not. Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Byass, who have taken a house at Sunningdale, and are spending an unselfish honeymoon entertaining their friends, the Warwicks, the Drogo Montagus, the Michael Portmans, and Mrs. Smith Dorrien having all been week-ending down there. It's a delightful part of the country especially if you like golf, and if you are lucky enough to know the Everard Gates, and the Barnatos, both near neighbours with bathing-pools. The Barnatos have rented Englemere from Sir Archibald Weigall, and the Gates' house is a divine new acquisition of their own.

We Hope He'll Visit Us

CHARLIE KNICKERBOCKER (in private life Murry Paul), that most provocative of New York columnists, was supposed to arrive in London last week. We hear

Lady Milton

Was at Leopardstown Races, with a diamond shamrock in the front of her bright blue hat. She is a cousin of Brinsley Plunket's, and was married in Dublin in 1933

Mrs. Quintin Gilbey

Was staying with the More O'Ferralls for all these Irish junketings, and then she and her husband went off to Deauville to stay with the Aga Khan

Below: Lord Warwick was yet another guest with his wife of the Brinsley Plunkets. He was sketched at dinner, but unfortunately his pink linen trousers don't come into the picture

Lord Warwick

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

Last Week's Engaged Couple

Miss Primrose Salt, one of 1933's star debutantes, announced her engagement last week to Mr. Anthony Osborne, of the Queen's Bays. They are being married in Delhi in November. Primrose Salt is the eldest daughter of Major-General and Mrs. H. F. Salt

of him, however, in Salzburg, motoring through Austria, and with intentions of visiting Oslo. We hope he will put in a few days in London before he sails. He has many friends here, many admirers, and not a few who live in fear of his caustic pen.

London is No Desert

LUNCHEON at the Savoy any day of the week will prove that London is no desert in August. One day recently we saw such regular habitués as Mr. Robin Wilson (who had given a party there the night before), Mr. John de Forest, Major Rex Benson, and a popular American, Miss Bee Patterson, Mrs. Dudley Ward wearing one of those smart but simple semi-sports suits that she affects, Mrs. Gloria Vanderbilt all in black and looking remarkably well and sunburnt. How attractive she is, with her faintly crooked smile and gentle, gurgling laugh! She had arrived only the day before, and with her famous twin sister, Thelma Lady Furness, is spending a brief August holiday in London at the latter's house in St. John's Wood.

Their shop in New York is a great success, we hear, and one object of their visit over here is model-buying in Paris. Not the least of Mrs. Vanderbilt's attractions are her exceptionally slim and well-shaped hands. She wears a large, heart-shaped diamond on the third finger of one, and a square emerald on the same finger of the other.

Mrs. Gloria Vanderbilt Is in London

And went to supper at the San Marco; as the party of five sit, they are Miss Mala Brand, Mrs. Vanderbilt, Lord Donegall, Thelma Lady Furness, and Mr. Oliver Gardner

An Isle of Wight Party

Lady Tennyson talking to Mr. Gerald Walker and her husband at the Northwood dance which is one of the after-dark dates of Cowes Week. Gerald Walker married Peggy Chandos-Pole last month; his parents live at Yarmouth, in the Island

Anna Sten and Her Husband

Anna Sten has come over here to star in her first British film, which is to be called "A Woman Alone." She and her husband, Dr. Frenke, were photographed at the reception given for her at the Savoy

Beautiful Hands

HANDS are so important, we think, and, on the whole, observed more by women than by men. Some owners of outstandingly beautiful hands are Lady Ashley, whom, alas! we never set eyes on during her recent flying visit; Lady Moira Combe, whose slender fingers remind us of pointed petals, and Mrs. "Nick" Prinsep, whose beautifully shaped little hands flutter in a fascinating and expressive way while she talks. Perhaps the most exquisite hands we ever remember seeing belonged to Miss Elsie Scott, that lovely girl who married Jack Lucas Scudamore, and who has been more than seriously ill for several years. They were longish and so narrow and boneless that they seemed almost unreal. Any ordinarily elegant hand looked like a foot in comparison.

Talking of illness reminds us of poor little Michael Bendix. We hate to hear of a child being ill, and the thought of his parents' anxiety is even worse. He has had an operation on his lung and been ill for many weeks—such a charming child, intelligent and good-looking, with lovely platinum hair. Here's wishing him a speedy and complete recovery.

MISS PEEPS

BRITISH BIRDS

bottled by Worthington

The GREATER TESTER or BAIL DUCK

(Peregrinator Imperialis)

Usually seen bowling along in the company of bats. Declared to be the catch of the century, almost displacing the Holiday Girl in the daily press. Home birds pitch into invaders without a stop, each putting its best leg before. When on the run seeks cover down a gully. Found near gas-works in August.

Plumage: Padded white.

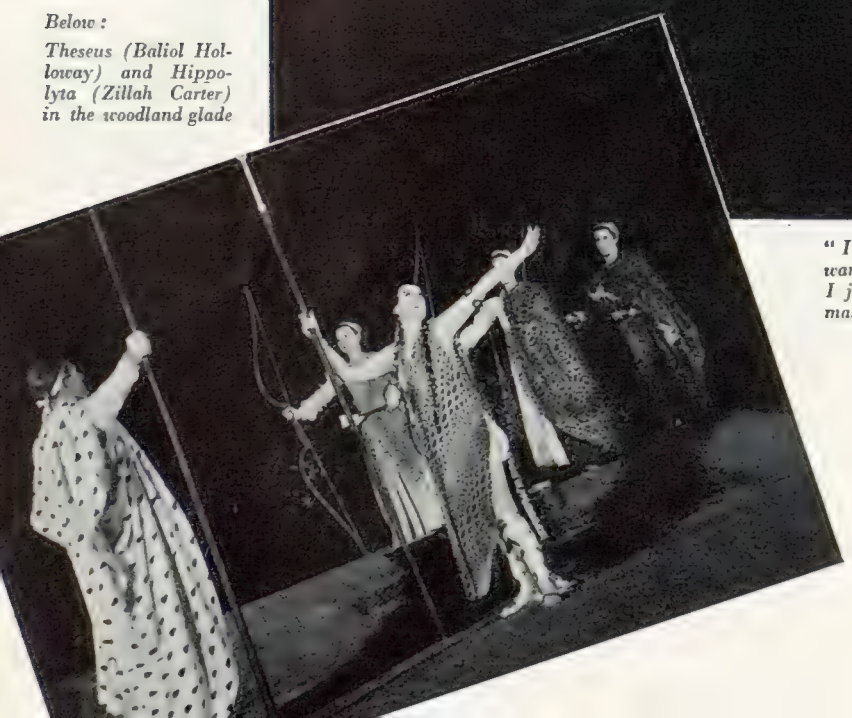
Food: A lunch-time scores a Worthington (the ideal length). When all is over slips another past the point.

Song: Slumberous or "bye-bye."

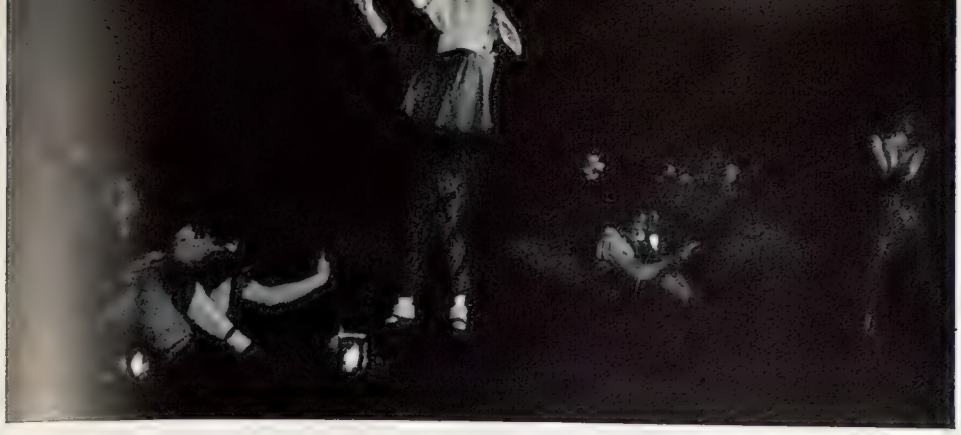
Right: Leslie French imbues Puck with the true spirit of elfin fun and mischief that Shakespeare intended him to possess

Below:

Theseus (Baliol Holloway) and Hippolyta (Zillah Carter) in the woodland glade



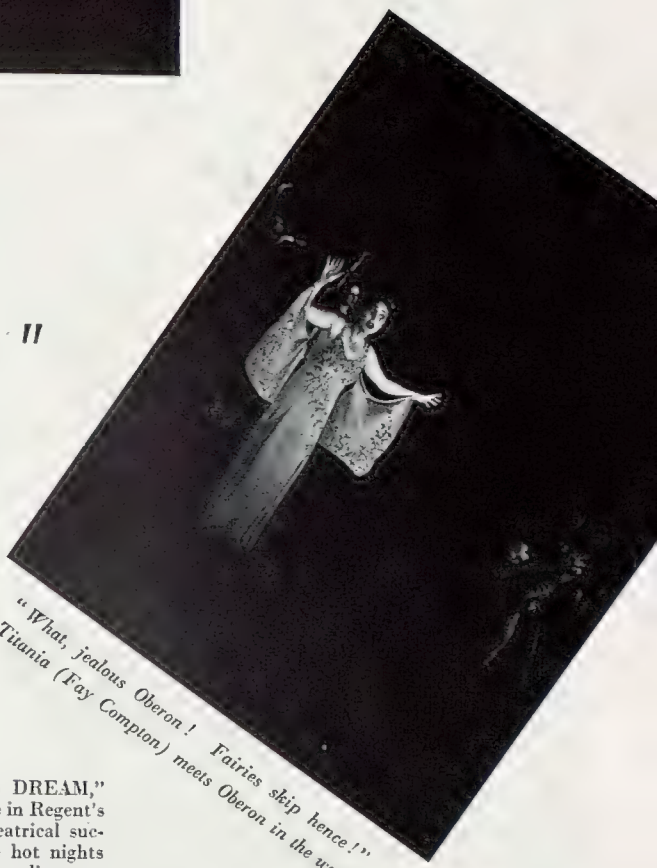
"I am that merry wanderer of the night. I jest to Oberon and make him smile."



Left: Bottom (Robert Atkins) upbraids his company. On the left is Starveling (Clement Hamelin)

"Where are these lads? Where are these hearts?"

"A Midsummer Night's Dream"



"What, jealous Oberon! Fairies skip hence!" Titania (Fay Compton) meets Oberon in the wood

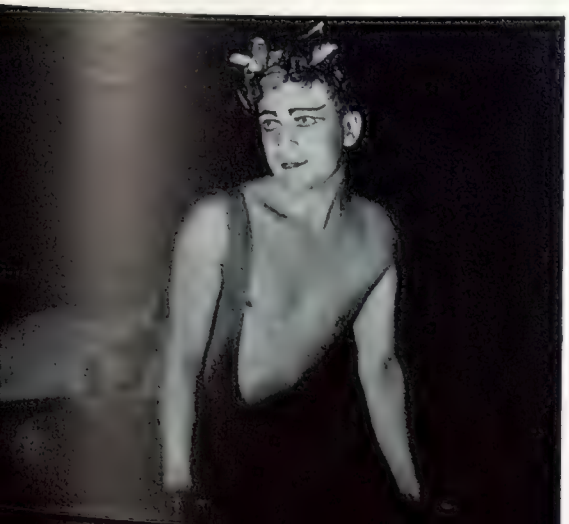
Demetrius (Hubert Gregg) falls asleep in the wood to the amusement of Puck

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," at the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park, has been one of the theatrical successes of the summer. These hot nights it has been a real dream of loveliness to sit in a deck chair and watch and listen to Sydney Carroll's company in Shakespeare's fairy play. Leslie French is the brilliant fantastic Puck; not an "honest Puck," but an elusive pagan Pan. Fay Compton as Titania, Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Oberon, Lewis Casson as Quince, and Robert Atkins as Bottom, all belong most perfectly to the atmosphere of woodland enchantment for which Atkins, as producer, is greatly responsible

Photographs by John Everard

Snout (Clement Hamelin) as Wall introduces himself while Flute (John Laurie) as the fair Thisbe and Bottom (Robert Atkins) as the dashing Pyramus wait their turn

Below: Puck, the fairy jester of the Forest of Arden, watches the approach of Demetrius and Helena



It's the Same Man— Would You Believe It?

CONRAD VEIDT has a legion of fans, and, sure enough, he has an impressive and attractive way with him on the screen, whether he's villain or hero. But when he plays golf, he looks different somehow. He's been holidaying at Villars, where the snapshot was taken, after completing two films — *King of the Damned*, and *Passing of the Third Floor Back*. The latter will probably be shown in September

Tchernicheva as Zobeide in "Scheherazade"

Lubov Tchernicheva

"A Superb Ballerina"

THE great Tchernicheva's reappearance as a dancer in the revivals of *Scheherazade* and *Le Tricorne* have been two of the high lights of the Russian Ballet season at Covent Garden. Last Friday she danced for the first time since Diaghileff's death in the Balakireff-Fokine-Bakst ballet, *Thamar*, in the rôle Karsarvina created in 1912, and which Tchernicheva later made into one of her own finest characterisations. Tchernicheva, who retired in 1929 when Diaghileff died, has been maitresse de ballet to Colonel de Basil's company since its formation, teaching, rehearsing, forming the young dancers of to-day. She is the wife of Serge Grigorieff, Regisseur Général for de Basil, as he was for Diaghileff for twenty years

Photographs by Anthony

DEAUVILLE:

The Aga Khan, a Deauville "king," is staying at his villa. He is giving Countess Martini a bit of good racing advice—and who 's a better person to do that than the Aga?

Below : the Hon. Mrs. Loel Guinness and Mrs. Peter Thursby were racing at Deauville, the latter having gone over there as soon as Cowes Week was finished

Mrs. Michael Portman and her nice-looking trio of sisters, sat

Mlle. Marie Glory, the French film star, was on beach parade with her large dog. She was in that clever film, "Charlemagne," which was shown over here last year

Prince Aly Khan, who was staying in his father's villa, is with M. Pierre Wertheimer, the well-known French racehorse owner

Mrs. John Taylor lay on the and browner; her tan was

sister, Hilary Charles, two of the
and waited for the next race

Below: Miss Patterson and Captain the Hon. Lionel Montagu thought it was hot enough to bathe—and it was

These two talking to Mr. Gordon Selfridge are Mme. Lazard, whose husband belongs to the French banking family, and Mlle. Rogez

Racing and Swimming are the Daylight Occupations

and in shorts and got browner
ne of the best in the place

Below: the Hon. Mrs. Wilfrid Egerton walking along the plage in the morning sun

Lord Michelham had his yacht in the harbour, and Lady Phyllis Allen, who's going bathing with him, was staying on board as one of his guests

They 're All Celebrities

Major Henry Curran

Left: Major Henry Curran was recently appointed to the new office of Noise Abatement Commissioner for New York, the world's noisiest city. He has been picking up tips in London, and is seen tackling a point-duty policeman in Whitehall regarding traffic noises. What the latter said is not recorded, but our police are noted for their tact

Right: the Minister of Transport plays a round of golf while on holiday in France. The joke is obvious, but we can't help saying we hope he is not driving to the public danger

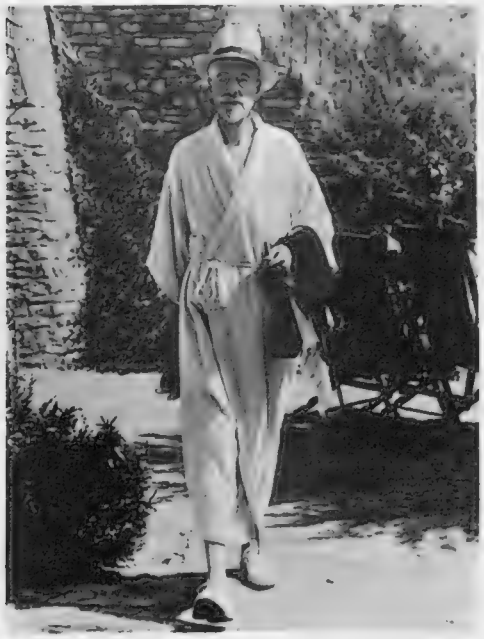
The Rt. Hon. Leslie Hore-Belisha

Wallace Beery and Family

Above: Wallace Beery arrives in England with his wife and adopted daughter. The film star may make pictures here, or may not—he just wasn't "talking turkey"

Sir Boyd Merriman

The President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division checks up on baggage of the non-human variety while assembling his luggage at Waterloo. He has left on a visit to Canada



Mr. Wickham Steed

Left: Mr. Wickham Steed, robed and shod proper, after a morning bathe. The former editor of "The Times" has been staying at the Branksome Tower Hotel, Bournemouth

Right: Major R. E. Maude, a director of the Standard Motor Company, and Captain J. P. Black, the managing director, discuss cars. They are seen at the company's Davies Street showrooms at the opening of their 1936 programme

Major R. E. Maude and Capt. J. P. Black

Lord Denbigh

Gen. Sir Alexander Godley

Clubs Without Quarters

No. 8. The Ends of the Earth Club

By Charles Graves

OF all the clubs without quarters the one with the most romantic origin is the Ends of the Earth Club. It was founded in 1903 with the object of cementing Anglo-American friendship in commemoration of Admiral Chichester's action in placing his flagship between those of the German and American admirals at Manila, and thus preventing possible war between those two countries.

The Ends of the Earth Club meets in New York once a year. In London the British section has had three dinners this season, and it expects to have others. There is no particular rendezvous. There is no particular date which is celebrated by a function of this sort. It is entirely haphazard in its activities. The two hundred and twenty-five members are notified shortly beforehand that a dinner will take place at one of the leading hotels, and the name of the guest of honour is given. This year one of them was Admiral Bayly, who was in command of a section of the United States Fleet as well as of the British defences off Queenstown. The other two dinners were given in honour of Mr. Bigelow Poultney and Dr. Frederick Keppel. The latter is a distant relative of the English Keppels. His ancestors came over to England with William of Orange. He himself is head of the Carnegie Foundation in America, and had just returned from an Empire tour, during which he investigated the need for financial assistance from the Carnegie Foundation.

AS the name of the club suggests, members need to have travelled at least as far as the Dominions, and if they have not actually been round the world they must at least have world-wide interests. In consequence, many of them are bankers or the managers of Australian and Canadian banks in London. Among the members of the committee are Lord Denbigh, who served in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, as well as in India and elsewhere, and Admiral Sir Roger Keyes has obviously been to the ends of the earth in the Navy. Lord Phillimore, who was taken prisoner during the War, is another member of the committee.

ONE of the leading members is General Sir Alexander Godley, who was in charge of the New Zealand Armed Forces in 1914 and was largely responsible for their extreme efficiency and discipline when the war broke out. His last post was Gibraltar. He is tall and soldierly and there is no nonsense about him. Admiral Bayly, whom I have mentioned, always enjoyed the reputation of being a great disciplinarian, and yet he is very popular. Americans who served under him thought him the cat's whiskers, and always realised that he means what he says. He is a great friend of President Roosevelt, who told him, when he had accepted his invitation to review the American Navy not long ago, to tell the King that, whatever he might read in the newspapers, the Americans were wholeheartedly in sympathy with Great Britain.

LORD DESBOROUGH is a member who needs no introduction. Sir Charles Barrie is the Dundee shipping magnate. Sir Malcolm Hogg, Lord Hailsham's brother, is deputy chairman of the Westminster Bank, and consequently has world-wide interests. One of the oldest members is McLeod of McLeod. He lives at Dunvegan Castle, built by the Vikings in A.D. 800 The walls are nine feet thick in the sitting rooms. He has never smoked or touched a drop of drink. Despite his age he still has a regular swim in the sea. George Tilley is chairman of the Pearl Assurance. Another member is A. C. Hearn, joint managing director of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, who used to be in the Admiralty. He is a keen amateur painter, and has a very fine head. J. M. Wallace, who represents the interests of the Chase National Bank over here, always attends the dinners. So does Sir Arnold Wilson, who was acting Civil Commissioner and Political Resident in the Persian Gulf from 1918 to 1920. Sir James Leigh-Wood is the father of the famous runner. He himself is a partner in Brown, Shipley & Company, the merchant bankers who once used to employ Mr. Norman, the Governor of the Bank of England. John Scott, the manager of the Commercial Bank of Australia in London, used to be one of the best amateur boxers in the Dominions. He is a real Australian, a fine Imperialist, and always ready to call a spade a blank shovel.

(Continued on page 336).

George Tilley

Sir James Leigh-Wood

Lord Lugard

John Scott

Women's Golf:

More Travellers' Tales:

By Eleanor E. Helme

At North Berwick, the August Golfers Are Hard At It

Evelyn Coats, Mr. P. H. Coats' daughter, and Zara Deuchar are two regulars who know their way pretty thoroughly round the North Berwick links

Lulu Esmond, Mr. Edward Esmond's daughter, and Rosemary Johnstone, a 1935 deb, are two more who count as "natives" during the season

Elizabeth and Penelope Fisher-Rowe tolerantly allow their brother, Edward, to demonstrate. They are grandchildren of Lady Victoria Rowe

DEAR BYSTANDER—

I AM always lamenting the impossibility of being in two places at once, and, without wishing to grow into a grumbler, I find myself constrained to do it again. Why could I not simultaneously with being holiday making on Exmoor (a spot I would swop for none in the world), enjoy the hospitality so generously offered me, by the Chamonix—Mont Blanc Golf Club? Everything there sounds so beautiful: the course 3600 ft. up; the massive grandeur of Mont Blanc to gaze at; and all round the pine-wood-covered mountains which would look so huge were it not for the giant himself. Powdered granite in the bunkers sounds distinctly novel; the par is 66; the club-house is charming; the professional is English—namely, Chambers, Jr. Altogether it must emphatically be a place to be visited.

ANOTHER spot I should not have minded visiting less than a hundred days—or should I say nights?—ago, was Portland Place, London. I have it on the authority of a resident in the near neighbourhood that, after a particularly bright party, some of the guests had the still brighter idea of playing golf down that broad highway. After all, it is a good deal broader than the fairway on most classic courses. Here, indeed, would have been golf worth reporting. I believe that the round (otherwise straight) ended abruptly when a ball went through a window. Whether it was a window of the B.B.C. I do not know. What I do know is that this august body does not consider golf a game on which broadcasting in the Children's Hour would be suitable, so that I tremble somewhat to think what it might have said to the overgrown children in Portland Place that night. Yet one never knows.

AND, of course, the further our Touring Team go on their way to Australia and New Zealand, the more I wish to be with them, more particularly when they spent a few hours in Bombay. There they were right royally entertained by the Willingdon Club, who acted more than hospitably on a word whispered to them by Mrs. Gordon Black. She, you remember, was Miss Marjorie Livingstone, without whom the management of no BYSTANDER Foursome was complete from autumn 1930 until spring 1934; and now she is in Poona, so that it was possible for her and Captain Black to get down for the match against the men, and the first part of the dinner. I would have given something to be there, too. Bombay, though, is anticipation. When the official notes broke off last week, the Strathaird was hardly out of sight of the Italian coast; since then, Mrs. Hodson has described their landing at Port Said, their voyage through the Suez Canal until they "entered the Red Sea, and felt we were really in the East. The team are all keeping very fit, and manage to get in daily practice at the net—with deck games or the 'eight-times-round' mile in addition." Then sleeping on deck, as the nights grew unbearably hot, an afternoon in Port Sudan, with its wonders of coral, and of darkness following without twilight after a sunset of glory; then Aden, where the team each had a drive and an iron shot, but no more, on the course of the golf club. "It was too hot in the middle of the day, with the sun blazing down to do any more, and the balls were retrieved by long-legged black Somali boys."

After that, cooler conditions, but very stormy ones; net practice was impossible, and, one hears by Air Mail from an unofficial source, life rather a misery to three out of the five. Then Bombay, where they were received with open arms. Five men, of the standard which plays at Worplesdon, were assembled to play our team, giving a third, over the Willingdon course, which has a men's par of 69, women's 72, during the monsoon season, which is now—or was then. There was a shower, in fact, during the first two holes, but after that it was fine, cloudy, without glare, and players found they could play in comfort and safety without topees, or even hats.

AND, really, they seem to have played extraordinarily well, voyaging and excitement and what-not considered. Miss Barton, to be sure, could not hold Sir John Abercrombie, who was round in a brilliant 65; nor Miss Phyllis Wade cope with Mr. Macdonell (brother of A. G., who tells us all in the BYSTANDER what books to read, and why); but Miss Jessie Anderson, playing really beautiful iron shots, and getting round in 71, won on the last green from Captain Pakenham Walsh, though the man made a mighty effort by coming home in 33. My air mail eye-witness tells me that Miss Anderson reminded her of Joyce Wethered at the short holes, in putting the irons right up to the pin; she also seemed to this shrewd observer to have lengthened a lot; and another satisfactory comment is that the iron play of the whole team seemed crisper than of yore. Mrs. J. B. Walker added a win to Miss Anderson's, 3 and 2 from Mr. E. H. Pogson; but Mrs. Greenlees just could not get down in two putts at the last hole, lost there one down to Colonel Prall, and so the men won on the day by the odd match.

I FEEL they deserved to, if only for the wonderful hospitality they put up, which did not stop at golf, or dinner, or every luxury in the club itself, but also included sightseeing, dancing, and every other sort of good time possible in the few hours at their disposal. My Air-Mail-ist tells me that general opinion was surprised and delighted to find not five grim Amazons, but delightful good-lookers, and that they were at once popular by their smiling pleasure at everything. So they well might be. But it is good news indeed that their first appearance was so successful, even if they could not actually beat the very good team of men collected to do them honour. Willingdon is, of course, a truly charming club, where to be entertained is a real delight, something after the manner of Ranelagh. Shades of Ranelagh also hovered over the proceedings when the Chief Commissioner of Police for Bombay was seen running across the fairway waving an umbrella to frighten away a crow who was about to pick up Miss Wade's ball.

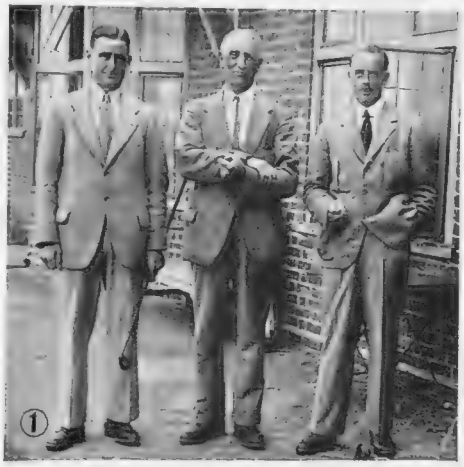
My space is exhausted. I have an extraordinarily interesting and forceful letter from Miss Gourlay anent my article on gossip and young golfers, which you must see in print in full. Next week must do for that. Then, too, Autumn Foursomes entry-form will appear. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Golf Clubs At Home

The West Sussex Golf Club, Pulborough

(1) Lieut. R. S. Casement, Vice-Admiral G. M. Casement, and Major G. S. Cooper, D.S.O. (secretary). (2) Captain C. E. Lucas (captain) and F. H. Tate. (3) D. J. S. Henderson and G. M. E. Lucas. (4) C. Armytage-Moore and S. Graham Bonnalie. (5) G. F. M. Camroux and R. P. Mackintosh. (6) R. W. Moon (steward) and R. W. West (professional) with "Floso." (7) A. W. S. Aldridge and B. J. T. Bosanquet. (8) F. A. Bovill and H. G. Rickwood



The "Bystander" Book Shelf

An Irish Novel

By A. G. Macdonell

Miss M. J. Farrell is one of the most interesting of the younger novelists for a variety of reasons. The first, and least important, of these reasons is that, although she has a keen wit and a brisk sense of dialogue, she does not confine herself to those maddening displays of verbal pyrotechnics which are the curse of so many of her generation. Few things are more irritating than a surfeit of second-rate fireworks. A second reason why Miss Farrell is interesting is that her novels are steadily increasing in stature. Her latest, *Full House* (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is much her best so far, and shows such an advance on her last—good though her last was—that her future career will be watched with the liveliest appreciation and hope. And, best reason of all, her characters are drawn with such distinction and such sureness that each one is entirely separate from all the rest. How often does one finish a novel nowadays and find it impossible to differentiate at the end between the characters of the woolly hero and of the woolly villain? But there is no trouble at all in Miss Farrell's case. Her men and women are alive and distinct.

The scene of *Full House* is, of course, Ireland, but there is a merciful absence—another good mark!—of the tiresome peasants who have done so much in the past to give a bad name to Irish fiction. Nor is there a single reference to the "troubles," or to De Valera, or to the English. It is a plain story of an Irish family whose daughter Sheena is in love with a handsome soldier, Rupert.

But there has been a mild case of madness in the family, hardly amounting to more than a nervous breakdown, and Rupert's unpleasant sister uses it as a lever to get the engagement broken off. It all comes right in the end, mercifully, for Sheena is an enchanting girl, and it would have broken my heart, as well as Rupert's, if her affairs had gone irretrievably wrong. All the scenes between the young lovers are written with a subtlety and a simplicity that conceals depth, and a power of understanding, that lifts Miss Farrell high among her contemporaries, and her creation of Olivia, that detestable woman, is in the real tradition of character-drawing. Three small flaws marred the book for me: firstly the conversation of the seven-year-old brother, Markie, which is simply a string of obscenities. Secondly, the utter cruelty of the picture of the governess, and, thirdly, the occasional descent into sewer stuff. Why on earth so good a writer should wallow from time to time is a mystery. But, apart from these three, *Full House* is a very good novel indeed.

"Nor Helm Nor Compass (Harrap; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is the product of a collaboration between a young lady-novelist and a ship's officer on an Atlantic liner, and their pseudonym is Snowdon Blake. The publisher's jacket, with a decorous self-restraint, says that it "depicts certain facets of life in the British Merchant Service to-day." The facet in question is a good deal older than the British Merchant Service, for it is none other than the relations between Jack ashore and women. Medea knew something about it when Jason sailed up the river of Colchis, and Nausicaa might have something to say about it, and Dido of Carthage. It is, in fact, as old as the art of navigation.

Dr. Maria Montessori

Has come back to London after an European tour lecturing on the "social question of the child." She is the famous Italian educationalist who started work among the poor children of Rome nearly forty years ago and founded the first Montessori School in England in 1912. Her books on her method of teaching have been translated into a dozen languages

Tom Cory, son of a long-dead ship's-captain, succumbs to the lure of the sea as interpreted by Mr. John Masefield, throws up his job in his rich old uncle's pottery business, and becomes a wireless operator on a ship. He gets entangled with a perfectly awful girl called Florry—she is brilliantly described—and finally bolts from her with all his faith in womankind shattered. Thenceforward his life is one long series of visits to Red Light districts, and platonic flirtations with passengers on his various ships. It is not particularly interesting, and not particularly well written. No tune which consists of the endless repetition of a single note can ever be a real masterpiece. A few of the nautical scenes are good, and obviously authentic, and there is no attempt to clothe an uncomfortable and hazardous trade with a false sentimentality. But few books could survive the incessant quotations from "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." There are twenty-three of them—mostly of the same line—in the second half of the book.

Mr. H. J. Massingham is a philosopher, scholar, archæologist, lover of birds, and lover of England, and he has gathered all his learning and his loves into a wonderful book, *Through the Wilderness* (Cobden-Sanderson; 15*s.*). It is quite impossible in a short review to do justice to its charm and depth, wisdom and universality. This is a brief outline of its pattern: Mr. Massingham built himself a house, and there he made himself a garden, and there he looked out of his window at the world and saw that man is everywhere losing touch with universal truth and everywhere preparing for his own destruction. He saw an age of barbarism, an age of disharmony between man and nature, of the devastation of the countryside, of the decay of ritual and custom. So his mind went back to the times when there was ritual and harmony, and he writes many fascinating chapters on the ancient, prehistoric civilisations of England, and especially on the monuments of those civilisations which are found so thickly in Wiltshire and thereabouts. *Through the Wilderness* is a rare book. Read it. There are not many like it. For books like it are not born in every decade.

Mr. Michael Devlin has more than a nodding acquaintance with Glasgow slumland and the people who have the misfortune to dwell therein. That is the first thing that jumps to the eye in *Foundation Chain* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*). And the next is that he can write about them. Not a novel, for *Foundation Chain* has no central story, but a series of episodes. Each chapter is a separate, vivid sketch, written with energy and with masses of local colour, of life as it is led in that tough, almost barbaric country. There are fights by the dozen and plenty of brutality. But after you have read this book you begin to understand the passionate Socialism of the Clydeside masses and also the desperate exploits during the war of the Highland Light Infantry. These sordid hovels breed Bolshevism, and they also breed heroism. It will be a bad day for the country if the two are ever forced into collaboration.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Geoffrey Morris

Here is an ideal riding sweater. It is designed by Jaeger, 204, Regent Street, and may be seen in the sportswear department. In soft botany wool, it has a polo collar and raglan shoulders which afford complete freedom, while the price is only one guinea. It is, of course, available in all the newest colours. The wide ribs are of interest as they appear in many of the new pullovers, in some cases forming a deep corselet band which fits closely round the waist. There are also knitted suits comprising a knee-length coat over a plain skirt for 4 guineas, and shirt frocks in Angora cloth with a two-toned diagonal stripe for 6 guineas. Skirts for country wear in general are pleated, either swinging free from the hips like a kilt, or else with the pleats stitched halfway down the leg

Luxurious Furs and Wraps

Furs in August sound somewhat incongruous, yet this is undoubtedly the time for buying them, as summer prices prevail at the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, and lovely wraps and capes have been specially reduced. Another point is that furs purchased now will be stored free of charge and need not be paid for until the end of October, while exceptionally low prices are quoted for all fur renovations. By the way, there is no shop window, the salons being on the first floor. Natural Canadian mink is used for the wrap on the left of the page. It has bell sleeves and a luxurious collar which may be worn either up or down. The exquisite colour and working of the pelts, however, must be seen to be appreciated. On the right is an ultra-smart coat in dyed Canadian ermine with a becoming scarf collar. It is cut on slimming lines which are accentuated by the diagonal working of the skins, while the price is 59 guineas. Then there is the shoulder cape in the centre of the page for 45 guineas, made in Canadian sable from six perfect skins of exceptional size. Needless to say, an illustrated catalogue will gladly be sent post free on application

Lenare

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La grande dame: "Revolt against laws and conventions as much as you like, my child, but never against Marshall and Snelgrove's, please."

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No. 349. PAULINE

A delightful small woman's Coat in soft 'vigoreux,' in the loveliest colourings. It is trimmed with a most becoming and charming new squirrel collar, styled the revers shawl. In four sizes. Lined throughout.

10½ gns.

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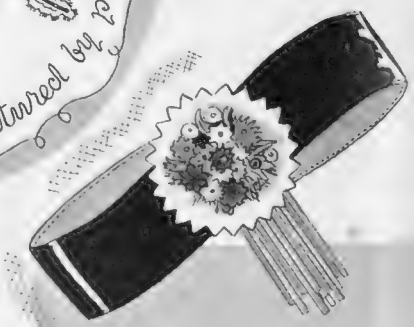
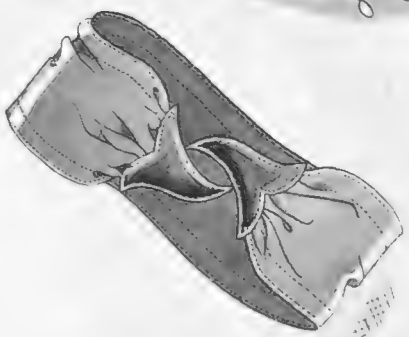
THE BYSTANDER TWINS

in search of..... NOVELTIES

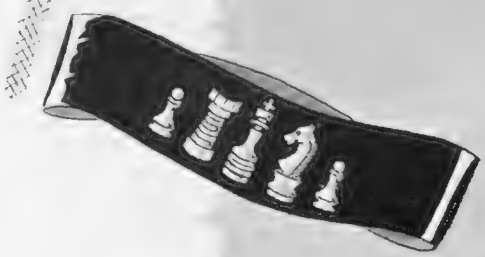
discovered by peta; pictured by pam.



Since flowers are so much the rage, Matita have introduced a multi-coloured posy on one of their black patent-calf belts. The flowers are hand-cut leather arranged against a white background

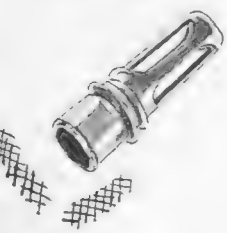


Extra wide belts are among the new accessories designed by Matita. This one is in brown kid, with an unusual leaf-shaped decoration which conceals a hook and eye

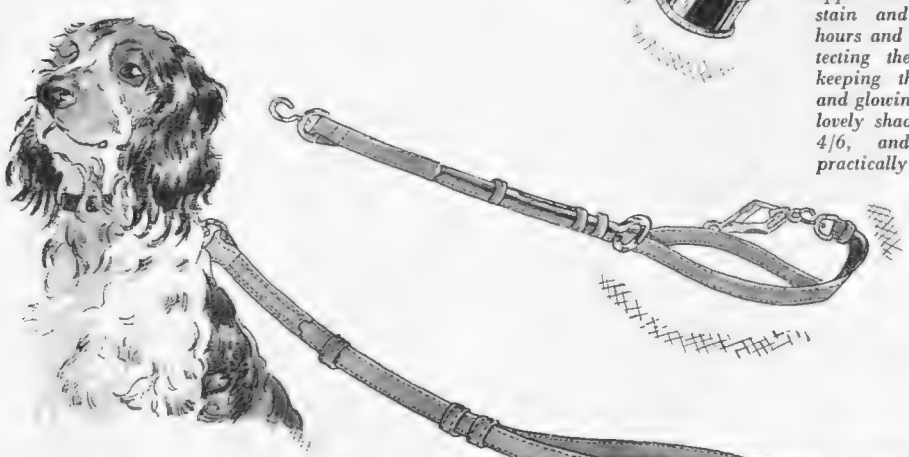


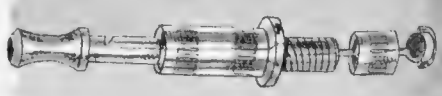
Here is another amusing belt also designed by Matita. It is expressed in black patent leather with simuli ivory chessmen across the front

This group shows the new "Juistractor" in use. It is ideal for extracting the juice from an orange, lemon, or grape-fruit, and will also core an apple. From Selfridge's, Oxford Street, it only costs 1/- and is very simple to operate



The new Tattoo lipstick has a unique appeal. It acts like a stain and lasts for hours and hours, protecting the lips and keeping them young and glowing. In four lovely shades, it costs 4/6, and is sold practically everywhere





Here is a silent whistle for gun dogs. It comes from Swaine and Adeney, and can be set at a pitch such that the sound derived is so high as to be practically inaudible to the human ear, though most dogs will prick up their ears instantly

The Anchor lead for gun dogs has been designed for training a young dog or restraining an impetuous one. At a stand, the patent pin is slipped out of its sheath, and when thrust into the ground it firmly secures the dog. It costs 21/-, and may be seen at Swaine and Adeney, 185, Piccadilly

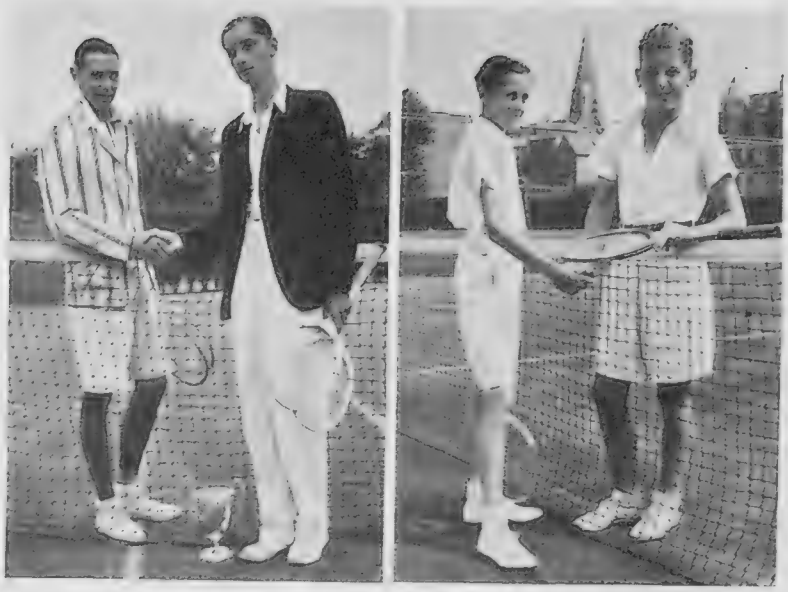
Lawn Tennis Letter

Family Tournaments

By "Passer-By"

Miss Betty Soames

The captain of the Kent County L.T.A. Ladies' team, who is engaged to Mr. John Neil Couper. They met at the Melbury L.T.C. this summer



The Younger Generation at Queen's

Clifford Hovell (St. Paul's) on the left, and Georges Zarifi (Lycée Marseille), whom he beat in the final of the Public Schoolboys' tournament at Queen's, thus reversing last year's result

Robert Abdesselam, the winner of the Under 16 singles in the Public Schoolboys' tournament (right), with Neill Cox, twelve years old, son of the well-known player, Mrs. Dudley Cox

DEAR BYSTANDER,

IT was all very awkward and cost a friend of mine a dozen shillings. He was holding his family tournament on his domestic lawn—August Bank Holiday, neighbour's marker, after-breakfast rolling, handicap for age, and all that sort of thing—when, who should put his head in but the brother-in-law, whose wife had purchased used balls at Wimbledon. She had paid for the balls, but under the strain of watching Mrs. Moody play had forgotten to collect them. A telephone S.O.S. to her sister recovered her property the next day. "George will be coming over to collect them before we go to the seaside," it added.

The retrieved box of balls were thrown into a corner. Then came the family tournament and the usual discovery that everything was on tap except balls. The youngest and brightest competitor produced the box on which the name of her aunt had been carefully pencilled in large letters. The balls were ending the period of their natural life when their owner appeared on the scene. No help for it; the delinquency was too obvious; new balls had to be purchased.

A FAMILY tournament must be conducted on rigidly impartial lines if it is to be a success. The draw must be absolutely blind; it is best done at the breakfast table in full light of the competitors. If there are byes, so much the better; a mathematical problem is valuable. On no account, if all the best players are drawn in one half, should there be a re-draw. One never knows where this kind of thing might stop; the head of the house might find himself "walking over" into the final. It is as well for the appointed handicapper to withdraw into a secluded place and emerge from it, his task completed, with an air of settled conviction. A revision is fatal, for there is just as much suppressed feeling over a handicap that emphasises lack of skill as over one that flatters it. Better that all the competitors should believe that their form has been appraised to the last sixth by a trained eye.

IF the handicapping proves wrong, as it generally does, there are various methods of adjusting it during the course of play. The lord of the manor naturally does not want to win his own cup. If he has not prepared an avenue of retreat by placing himself on the owe thirty mark when he ought to be scratch—that is, if he finds himself at scratch when he should be owe thirty—he can discover a watered knee at the appropriate moment or—better still, for then the deception is complete—he can blame the weeding-boy for his idleness when he gets a shooter off which there is no reply. Many fathers are expert in "dropping points" against their children, just as some children who respect age can do so by declining to take the offensive at the net.

THIS reminds me of a family tournament, which the late Lord Methuen, then commanding in South Africa, held on his ant-heap court at Headquarters House, Pretoria, one Christmas Day. The members of the British visiting team had been invited to penetrate into the family circle. I was partner to the Field-Marshal against his A.D.C. and another member of our team. Lord Methuen had been wounded at Magersfontein; his mobility was reduced. He could not come forward for drop shots, in which one of our opponents (not the A.D.C. of course) was trading. To ease the situation, I suggested to the champion, as we were crossing over, that he should offer his host better length returns. Unfortunately, my remark was overheard by the daughter of the house; she took a mischievous delight in recounting it at dinner. A perfectly selfless man, Lord Methuen was highly amused.

MANY winners at Wimbledon, by the way, have started their careers at family tournaments. Gerald Patterson was the Sunday afternoon ball-boy at his father's court at Melbourne. One glorious afternoon the usual foursome was incomplete; Gerald, in his knickerbockers, was called in. Anthony Wilding won the doubles championship of New Zealand with his father—a fine all-round sportsman and the best athlete in Herefordshire since the days of Tom Spring, champion of the prize-ring. Frederick Wilding, K.C., accomplished at Shrewsbury what C. B. Fry achieved at Repton, and when he migrated to New Zealand, bowling for Eighteen at Canterbury, he dismissed eight members of Shrewsbury's team, including George Lohmann and Johnny Briggs, for 21 runs.

Like his son, who motor-cycled across Europe, competing at tournaments, Frederick Wilding had unconventional habits. It was related that when the British Davis Cup team had just sat down to dinner at the Wilding home at Opawa, Mr. Wilding looked out of the window and remarked to a Cabinet Minister: "There is a shilling on the lawn. Is it mine or yours?" The former thereupon picked up a little rook-rifle, loaded quickly, and fired behind one of his guests at a blackbird sitting on the lawn. Apparently the host had a permanent competition—what is sometimes called at the golf club a "running bogey." The rule was that whenever a blackbird appeared on the lawn one shilling was staked on its existence, the Cabinet Minister and Mr. Wilding each taking alternate shots.

DON'T imagine that all champions have played the game in their pinafores or discussed Wimbledon with their nurses.

René Lacoste had not wielded a racket before, at the age of fourteen, he went on a holiday with his family to the Isle of Wight. Perry saw his first game of lawn tennis in Devonshire Park, Eastbourne. A few months later he reached the final of the Middlesex junior championship with a broken-stringed racket. The last British champion before Perry, A. W. Gore, learnt lawn tennis on the sands of Dinard. The Dohertys never played until they left Westminster. I have great faith in the self-made champion, or a player reaching Wimbledon without a coach. That means character. Lord Chesterfield was once heard to remark that while he would not give one farthing for virtue, he would give ten thousand pounds for a character. Personality always talks in tennis; the court is much like the stage, and the gallery as near.

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

J. B. Stevenson's Amateur Status

Left: the Duc de Gramont studies the lie of the land during a morning's golf on the ever-popular links at North Berwick; while Logan, his caddie, offers a little expert advice on the line to follow

Right: James Maxton exchanges the hot air of the conference hall for the fresh air of the golf-course during the Independent Labour Party's Summer School at Letchworth. His wife is watching him going into action with his driver

Below: a family affair—the three brothers Whitcombe, who are included in our Ryder Cup team to meet the Americans at Ridgewood, New Jersey, on September 28th—29th. On the left is Reginald, in the centre, Charles, who is captain of the team, and on the right is seen Ernest, whose club is Meyrick Park

J. B. STEVENSON of Troon, the Scottish International golfer and one of the good young players of the present day (he is only 23 years old) has had his entry refused for the Eden Tournament, which takes place by match play over the Eden course, St. Andrews, the committee in charge of this tournament apparently being of the opinion that he is not eligible to play in amateur competitions. As I am sure very few golfers know who are not eligible to play in amateur golf competitions, it may be of interest to publish the rules concerning this subject.

The following shall not be eligible to play in any amateur competition:

1. Professional golfers.
2. Those who have carried clubs for hire after attaining the age of 18 years.
3. Those who exploit their skill at the game or allow their skill to be exploited for profit.

NOTE.—The following are some examples of those who would come within the provisions of Clause 3:

(*a*) Those who, for remuneration allow their names or likenesses to be used for the advertisement or sale of any goods except in the usual course of their business as dealers in or manufacturers or inventors of such goods.

(*b*) Those who, for remuneration, permit their names to be advertised or published as authors of books or articles on golf of which they are not actually the authors.

(*c*) Those who for remuneration and under their own names, or under a description from which they can be recognised, report a golf competition, or match in which they are taking part, if journalism is not their usual and recognised vocation.

(*d*) Those who either accept as presents, or are given facilities to buy, at prices below those usually charged, golf balls, golf clubs, or other merchandise, when such presents are made, or facilities granted, for the purpose of advertisement.

(*e*) Those who being employed by firms, companies, or individuals interested in the manufacture or sale of golfing goods, play in golf tournaments or competitions with the object of furthering their employer's interest.

Stevenson is apparently debarred from playing in the Eden Tournament under Rule 3, Section (*e*), as he is employed by a firm, which manufactures golf balls, but as these rules have been in force since 1933, and as Stevenson has not changed his method of earning his living since his entry for the Eden Tournament was accepted in 1933, it is difficult to understand why it should not now be accepted. Stevenson actually won this tournament in 1933 and 1934, a very fine performance for a young golfer, playing against the cream of Scottish golf, plus many first-class players from other countries.

It is interesting to note that the Royal St. George's Golf Club, which, after Royal Liverpool, is considered by many the leading golf club in England, accepted Stevenson's entry for the St. George's Grand Champion Challenge Cup this year.

I REALLY cannot see how Stevenson furthers his employer's interest by playing golf in tournaments or competitions; he would surely be in a better position to further their interests if he attended golf meetings and did not play. The fact that Stevenson wins a competition with his firm's balls surely does not encourage many of the general public to play with the same balls, although it is true that in a few cases the long handicap players in a golf club play with the ball, favoured by either their best player or their longest hitter. I do not think you will be able to persuade any sane man that a business firm will retain the services of any employee, simply because he is a good golfer. Unless he carries out his various duties, which do not include playing the game, in an efficient manner, he will surely lose his job in a very short time. In my opinion, we would never have had the amateur status of those employed by firms, companies or individuals, interested in the sale of golfing goods, questioned if one of the first really good golfers to obtain one of these posts had not elected to play in an enormous number of golf competitions just after he had been appointed, when formerly it was common knowledge that he could only afford to play in a few of the major competitions.

GOLFING goods surely include the complete clothing and outfit of a golfer and, consequently, the number of people who work for firms manufacturing or selling these types of goods must be enormous, and it is only fair that the bad player should come under the ban as well as the good. I have never heard the amateur status of a bad golfer questioned even when his job is similar to that of Stevenson. Johnny Dawson has for some years now been debarred from playing in the American Amateur Championship, apparently because he is employed by Spaldings. Dawson is a most charming fellow and plays the game for fun on many more occasions than the majority of amateurs.

I am afraid that some golfers are not immune from the petty jealousies usually associated with prima donnas and theatrical stars. After a meeting to discuss the amateur status a few years ago, a member of the committee was asked what had occurred and replied: "A sells golf balls, B writes about golf balls, and C talks about golf balls. I can see no difference between them."

According to the present definition of the amateur status, I cannot see how any good young golfer can join any firm, whether it manufactures or sells golfing goods or not, without being accused of playing the game to further his employer's interest.

In Action at the Oval

Some of England's XI in the Last Test Match: By H. H. Harris

Left: C. F. Walters, a last-minute absentee through injury

H. D. Read sends down a real "snorter"

Leyland lifts one to the boundary

Bowes registers expectancy

Nichols specialises in the "express delivery" business

Ames keeps a watch on "Mr. Extras"

Hammond pulls out that famous off-drive

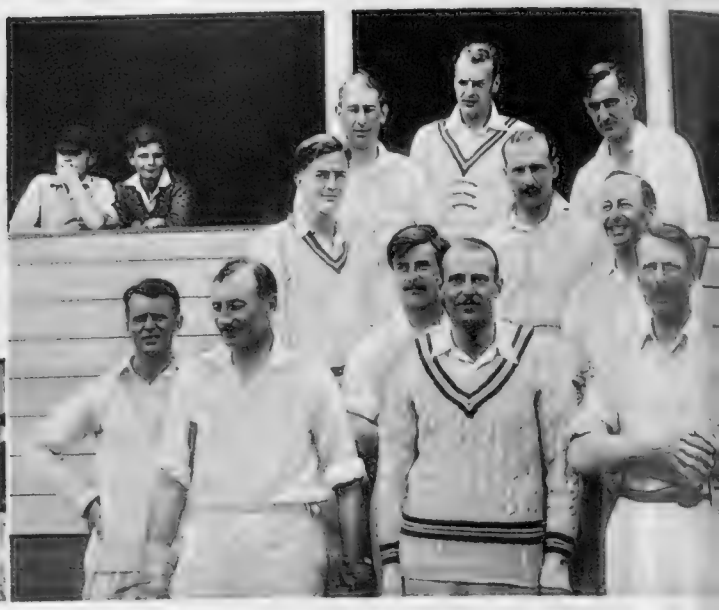
Bakewell is quietly optimistic

Right: Skipper R. E. S. Wyatt adopts safety tactics

R. W. V. Robins makes things hum

The Throws of Sport

Miss R. Caro, of the Polytechnic Ladies' Athletic Club, poised to throw the javelin during the Women's A.A.A. Championships at the White City. This she did to such good effect that she won this event with a throw of 113 ft. 3 in.—over eight feet further than the throw of the next best competitor



Cricket in Scotland

Lord Carnegie's XI. going out to field against a Strathmore team at Forfar. The players are Lord Carnegie, the Hon. Alexander and the Hon. Duthac Carnegie, Captain Pedler, Lieut.-Com. H. Lampton, and Messrs. A. C. L. Willis, J. Biass, R. O. Ramsay, I. A. R. Peebles, D. D. Homan, and B. P. Urquhart

Strong Arm Stuff

J. Anderson puts plenty of beef into it when indulging in the far from gentle pastime of putting the weight. He is seen competing in the Highland Games held at Dornoch

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

PERHAPS one of the most significant things in sport recently has been the triumph of the Germans over our athletic team in the match at Munich. Until the British representatives met—and lost to—the Germans, we had very little idea of the strength of the nation which is to stage the Olympic Games next year. Now we know: Germany should do well in the Olympiad at Berlin.

Athletics, as all other sports, are under State control in Germany. The Nazis have seen to that. And, in their preparation for the Olympic Games, the Germans have had to train under orders—apparently no hardship to them.

They were ordered not to compete outside their country until after the big international contest. Thus, until some of our leading men faced them in Munich, we had no line on German form.

WHAT has Munich shown us? Straightway, it reveals that in Leichum—unknown over here—Germany has a first-class sprinter. Any man who can beat A. W. Sweeney by a yard in 10 5.10th seconds for the 100 metres must be pretty good. What is more, Leichum's performance is no unusual thing; he again clocked the time which won him the German championship a little while ago.

Again, there is Schaumberg, who beat T. Riddell, the Scottish champion, and A. V. Reeve in the 1,500 metres. The German's time was 3 minutes 54 seconds, which represents a mile in the very convincing time of 4 minutes 12 seconds! Here is a runner who would give Jack Lovelock and S. C. Wooderson a great race, and, perhaps, a beating.

On the other hand, Britain has cause to feel pleased in the performances of D. O. Finlay, the Air Force hurdler, and W. Roberts. Take Finlay's high hurdles time of 14 minutes 2.5 seconds; this is a good four yards faster than he has done in England this year—indeed, it is the fastest time for the hurdles in Europe for the season!

And then Roberts. He set up a German record for the 400 metres, thanks to the vigorous challenge of the Cambridge freshman, A. G. K. Brown. Here we have two great quarter-milers for the Berlin Games—men who may well win the event for us.

AS it was, on the track we more than held our own against the Germans, but it was in field events that our lamentable weakness was fully exposed. We never carried off an event: high jump, long jump, discus, weight putting and pole vault—they all went to our opponents. However, while we cannot hope to prepare good field event competitors in time to remedy this weakness fully, we may yet do well at the Games.

As I have revealed in these columns, there is a big "drive" going forward to give likely field-event representatives special coaching. The summer school at Loughborough is doing much in this direction. But it is a slow business—too slow, I am afraid, to give us any outstanding performers at Berlin.

BY the way, I do hope that we shall see no unpleasant incidents at the next Olympiad. Unhappily, we do get "scenes" now and again, and these, as you may be sure, are magnified by those yellow journalists who are always seeking for a sensation.

Tempers will get frayed, I know. Some of the Continental competitors still have rather hazy ideas of sportsmanship—and then, of course, the fat is in the fire. For instance, take the recent incidents in the International Universities Games in Budapest, when Britain were playing Germany at Soccer.

One of our men was injured. The Germans wanted to go on with the game rightaway. So, before anyone could interfere, some of their supporters had jumped over the railings, invaded the field—and started to drag the injured British player to the touch-line! It was unfortunate, but there is really no need to magnify an incident in what, otherwise, has been a very sporting affair.

AND now, while writing of Soccer, I must give a paragraph or two to the coming campaign in England. The Scots have already had their big kick-off, with the famous Glasgow Rangers again in the forefront. Will the Arsenal, like the champion Scottish club, have a successful season?

As a matter of fact, I am prepared to see the Arsenal fall away from the pacemaking position. They have had three years as the leaders, and, as I read the signs, the strain of it all must tell very soon. Not only that, but some of their stalwarts are not quite so young as they were. The club have

By Quiet Stream

The Hon. Lionel Brett and his fiancée, Miss Helena Pike, enjoy a quiet interlude with rod and line. They are seen fishing the waters of the Slaney at Bunclody, Co. Wexford

A Winning Double

Miss E. Hiscock (London Olympiades) had a veritable field day at the Women's A.A.A. Championships at the White City, when she won the 100 metres and established a new British record of 11 9.10th secs. in one of the heats. She later won the 200 metres in 25.3 sec.

R. Stanley Duncan

The Oxford Athletic Club's president for 1935, who captained the combined English Universities' team that competed in Munich at the beginning of the month. He took part in the 100 yards and the high jump

J. C. Stothard

The Cambridge president, who was another member of the English Univeristies team to visit Munich for the University Students' Games open to the whole of Europe. His speciality is the 800 metres

had to find new recruits and, in some cases, the fresh blood has not always been quite up to expectations.

I rather fancy Derby County to do well this coming season, while another combination to watch are Sunderland. They have made no spectacular bids in the transfer market; instead, they are relying mainly on the men who took them along so splendidly last season. And Sunderland play real football. Not for them any grim wars of attrition. They give us open, go-ahead football—and it is bound to pay in the end.

MEANTIME, much has been said just lately of the increase of foul play in the professional game. Do not believe it. True, there are a few, but a very few, players whose reputations are bad. But they are known to the Soccer chiefs. Apart from these men, the 5,000 professionals in our football are clean enough.

All that is needed, as I see it, to make the game 100 per cent. free from foul play is to give the referees a stronger hand. As things go now, the official in charge of a game is open to be reported to the Football League by club officials—and it is only natural that they should show bias.

After all, things would come to a sorry pitch if it were possible for our judges to be reported upon by interested parties in law cases! The idea sounds absurd. And yet, in Soccer, this procedure is followed.

No, it will not do. If the referees must be watched, then it is up to the Football League or the Football Association to appoint inspectors to attend matches and give their independent views on the way things are controlled.

AND now to cricket. Here we must praise a brilliant campaigner who has been showing up our youngsters in no uncertain style. I refer to Frank Woolley, the Kent left-hander, who has won the race for the 2,000 runs while youth is pounding away some distance behind him.

What is Woolley's secret? It is, I believe, that he has a fine contempt for first-class averages. Figures do not interest him. He just goes for the runs and, come what may, does not worry overmuch if he is soon out. His policy should be followed by some of the younger school who seem to be mesmerised by figures.

I watched Woolley get his 2,000 runs in the match with Sussex at Hastings. First, we saw him go slow; it was not that he was intimidated by the Sussex attack, but merely that he wanted to play out time and give Kent a good start on the second day. And then, having played the right game for his side, we saw some characteristic Woolley batting later on—those superb cuts which are wholly his. The "nervous nineties" mean little or nothing to the famous Kent batsman; he swept majestically through them to reach his fifth hundred of the season.

(Continued on page iv)

Polo in Yorkshire

The Calder Hall team, which won the first match in the tournament held on the Harrogate Stray for the trophy presented by Mr. D. Ryley-Smith. Receiving 1½ goals, the team, which comprised Colonel H. L. L. Jones, Mr. M. Whitehead, Colonel W. T. Lucey, and Mr. T. Leo Paisley, beat York by 3½ goals to 2

Clubs Without Quarters

(Continued from page 323)

MEMBERS of this club, I should have pointed out, must belong to English-speaking races. At the end of the very informal dinner the principal guest makes a speech. The other members then get up and make comments on any subject to do with the furtherance of the friendship of English-speaking races. Mark Twain used to be president of the club. Rudyard Kipling is to-day. He was not present at the last dinner. He has not been at all well recently. Indeed, he is more retiring than ever down at Burwash, in Sussex. By the by, the author of "East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet" had his fortune told about ten years ago by an aunt of mine. She became most enthusiastic about the lines on his hand. She leant forward and said, "Do you know, Rud, you have the most interesting line here. It is extremely rare and indicates that one day you will become really famous."

NOT counting Rudyard Kipling, Lord Lugard is probably the most distinguished member, and must certainly have had the most thrilling life of them all. He was the son of a clergyman, and being very keen about big game hunting, went to Africa and proposed that they should let him have a gun in return for all the skins that he got on his trip. Not so many years after this he was the man responsible for Nigeria being added to the nation. It was the time when several nations were keen to get it, but Fred Lugard, in his unassuming way, had already made treaties with the local chieftains, and when the foreigner arrived with a great fuss and flourish, he found Lugard sitting under a Union Jack with a bottle of champagne, which he offered to the newcomer with the greatest courtliness. Later on, after he had married the famous Flora Shaw, he became Governor of Hong Kong, and then was sent back to Nigeria to take care of the situation there during the War.

BRUCE LOCKHART, the short, sturdy author of *Memoirs of a British Agent*, is another member. The Navy is further represented by Sir Douglas Brownrigg and Rear-Admiral G. C. Dickens and Rear-Admiral Kennedy Purvis. Colonel Cortlandt Parker, the military attaché at the American Embassy, together with Mr. Herschell Johnson, another distinguished member of the American Embassy, are both members. So is Colonel Piers Legh, who is so often in attendance on the Prince of Wales, and is his regular golfing partner. Captain Anderson, the naval attaché at the American Embassy, is also a member.

LORD MILDMAY OF FLETE, who served with the Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa, and who was one of the three members of the committee of the Privy Council appointed by the Prime Minister to scrutinise the list of political honours before submission to the King in 1923 and 1924, came to the last dinner. So did Lord Melchett, who through Imperial Chemical Industries, Limited has probably more world-wide interests than any other member of the club. Mr. J. D. Rickatson-Hatt, the editor of Reuters, is perhaps the only other member whose interests could be regarded as equally widespread.

Sir Oswyn Murray

MEMBERS of Parliament who belong to the club include Sir Arthur Shirley Benn, who once held a commission in the Canadian Garrison Artillery, and who has always been associated in a distinguished way with the Chambers of Commerce of Great Britain; Mr. E. C. Davies, K.C., who has been associated so long with Montgomeryshire; Commander Southby, who was educated in H.M.S. Britannia, was a member of the Naval Inter-Allied Commission of Control just after the War, and is now a Member of Parliament for Epsom; Mr. R. S. Hudson, who used to be in the Diplomatic, and married an American. Another member is the Knight of Kerry, who prefers nowadays to be called Sir John Fitzgerald, Baronet—though this seems a far less attractive style than the other. Mr. Gordon Selfridge is, needless to say, another member. So is Sir Oswyn Murray, who first became Permanent Secretary at the Admiralty in 1917.

ALTOGETHER, as you will see, the members of the Ends of the Earth Club are very illustrious, all the more so because the majority of them keep very much in the background, preferring to pull the strings quietly and more or less invisibly. They know quite well that nothing they ever say at the club dinners will be repeated. Indeed, most of them would be very much surprised to have their names mentioned at all in this connection.

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Westminster Saloon	£348	£338
*Chalfont Saloon with division	£338	£328
*York Saloon	£328	£318
Hertford Saloon	£318	£298

TWELVE-SIX *6-cyl.*	15.9-h.p.	13.9-h.p.
Ascot Saloon	£235	£225
Ascot Fixed-Hd. Sal.	£215	£205
Kempton Sports Sal.	£305	£295
Open Road Tourer	£215	£205
Eton Two-Seater	£215	£205

LIGHT TWELVE-FOUR	11.9-h.p.
Ascot Saloon	£208
Ascot Fixed-Head Saloon	£188
Open Road Tourer	£188
Eton Two-Seater	£188

TEN-FOUR *4-cyl.*	9.996-h.p.
Colwyn Cabriolet	£178
Lichfield Saloon	£175
Lichfield Fixed-Head Sal.	£158
Ripley Sports Tourer	£215
Open Road Tourer	£158
Clifton Two-Seater	£158

SEVEN *4-cyl.*	7.8-h.p.
Pearl Cabriolet	£128
Ruby Saloon	£125
Ruby Fixed-Head Saloon	£118
Open Road Tourer	£112
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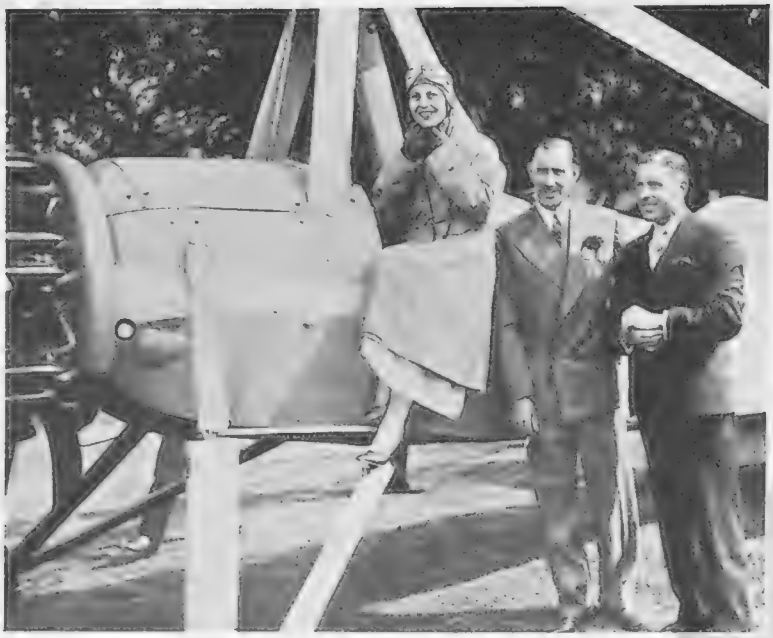
Fly To Be Up To Date

By Charles Ward



Left: Miss Nora Swinburne at Hurlingham with Captain F. C. Coulthurst (centre) and Captain R. A. C. Brie, the Autogiro test pilot. Captain Brie landed the Autogiro in the club grounds, having brought Miss Swinburne over to watch a polo match

Right: the "Monospar" as an air ambulance. Tests carried out at Farnborough, in co-operation with the Red Cross and the Army have demonstrated that the "Monospar" is particularly suited for the job

Moving with the Times

THE Union-Castle Line has arranged with Imperial Airways for an interchange of return tickets, the two single fares to South or East Africa being added together and a ten per cent. reduction on the total is then made. Not so many years ago, in 1928, to be exact, the Union-Castle Line was approached to support an air transport company that proposed to operate through Africa. This was prior to the inauguration of the route by Imperial Airways. The reply was unfavourable, but the reason given—that aeroplanes could never carry loads of mail over the mountains of Central Africa—indicated that one of our leading shipping companies had not studied the possibilities of air transport. To-day, the air mail for Africa has reached considerable proportions, and, in a few years' time, when all letters go by air at 1½d. per ½-oz., ships will be left with the parcels and circulars. Will Rogers, the champion wise-cracker, believes in moving with the times. Needing fresh material for his stories and deciding to visit Alaska, he travelled as passenger with Wiley Post, who was en route to Moscow via Alaska and Siberia.

Fast Flights to London

THE Russian capital is now one day's journey from London by regular services. M. Vinogradoff, the Counsellor of the Soviet Embassy, left Moscow at 7.50 a.m., changed at Königsberg into a German 'plane, finishing the journey from Amsterdam in a Dutch liner which reached Croydon at 10.45 p.m. Flying west, of course, the 'plane chases the sun, and gains at least two hours' daylight for the journey. The most spectacular flight this summer has been Campbell Black's return trip to Egypt. London to Cairo and back again at 200 miles an hour—non-stop in each direction. As a preliminary canter for longer hops, across the Atlantic and to the Cape, which, by the time these notes appear, may have been accomplished, the Egyptian flight was a useful achievement. An early flight to Cairo that created quite a sensation at the time was made by the late Lieut.-Colonel Minchin in 52 hours, flying, I think, a Bristol "Bloodhound." This must have been at least twelve years ago. To Egypt overnight is the schedule for future mail services.

The Trend of Traffic

AT Heston the trend is definitely commercial, an increase from thirty-two to forty-three per cent. of all movements being registered as between July 1934 and July of this year. Business generally is increasing; on an average day, an aeroplane takes off or lands once every minute of the controlled period. During last month, Jersey Airways carried nearly 1400 passengers on their London services, and Spartan's, more than 1000 to and from the Isle of Wight. The Inner Circle was patronised by 206 passengers, and the total for Heston by all regular services was 3525. P.S. and I.O.W.A., a company which might simplify its title with benefit to all concerned, runs three newspaper services a day to the Isle of Wight with Airspeed "Couriers." The Heston story about the menace of the cow to aeroplanes parked in farmers' fields is matched by another from Penshurst about the danger of allowing wings to become accessible to mice. Traps suitably baited should be set in the fuselage and wings of any aeroplane left unused for long periods, and such traps should be inspected at regular intervals. An official notice on the subject is expected shortly. No. 104, dated the 9th instant, referring to the International Sanitary Convention for Aerial Navigation, has nothing to say about mice.

Aviation as a Career

REPORTS from our leading schools indicate that training is being taken seriously. Quite soon the aircraft industry and the operational side will be closed to all except qualified personnel—that is to say, in jobs carrying any degree of responsibility. A.S.T. at Hamble had a one hundred per cent. success in the Air Ministry Second Class Air Navigators' examination. The demand for refresher courses and navigational training by commercial pilots is continuous, many of the old hands finding that they cannot keep pace with the regulations whilst doing their routine job. The lighter side of life at Hamble has been well planned, for there are recreations to suit all tastes. Sailing has been very popular this summer. The A.S.T. Club has a fleet of small craft of its own. Weekly races are held from the Hamble River, and many new comers are initiated into the mysteries of handling a boat. This is, incidentally, very important training for marine aircraft pilots, who have to understand the vagaries of small boats before venturing far with a seaplane. The variety of appointments open to young engineers is seen from the list of the College of Aeronautical Engineering, which was started as recently as 1931. Commencing salaries of those placed from the first course vary from £150 to £400 a year. This year, students from the College took the first three places for Associate Membership, and the first two for Associate Fellowship of the Royal Aeronautical Society. New training centres for aeronautical engineering are at Loughborough and Reading. The former is well-known as a general engineering college and the course for aviation is an extension to its ordinary facilities. The Reading School has been started by Phillips and Powis, who own Woodley Aerodrome and manufacture Miles aircraft. Pupils will be accepted, somewhat on the same principle as that adopted some years ago by de Havillands, though at Reading they will be expected to learn to fly. The students at the de Havilland School are building their second aeroplane, which has been entered for the King's Cup Race next month.

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Mr. J. Campbell Blair's S.Y. "Sappho"

Constructed by Messrs. Scott and Sons, of Bowling, "Sappho" is one of the largest steam yachts built in this country since the war, being 130 ft. in length b.p. by 24 ft. beam by 13½ ft. deep. Her many distinctive features include a deck shelter aft and a shelter at the fore end of the spacious bridge deck which affords ample space for exercise. The interior decorations and furnishings were carried out by Messrs. Morrison and Co., of Edinburgh, under the directions of Mrs. J. Campbell Blair, the owner's wife, and they are all executed on modern lines

Sport with the Lid Off *(Continued from page 335)*

BY the way, there is another seasoned player who is showing us that youth alone is not the essential of cricket ability. He is Phillip Mead, yet another left-hander, who has been batting in forthright style when Hampshire have most needed him. Like Woolley, Mead is a man very hard to ruffle: a back-to-the-wall innings, with his county in danger, only makes him more confident, it would seem.

In the same tradition is England's greatest opening batsman, Herbert Sutcliffe. I would play the Yorkshire star any and every time for England, although our Selectors have passed him over just now. As an Australian said to me: "Sutcliffe is so imperturbable and so quiet, that you English people do not realise just how great he is." But, mark my words, we will need Sutcliffe in Australia later on. . . . Walter Hammond apart, he is the player they most fear "Down Under."

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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"123" Turtle oil soap has recently made its début, sponsored by the well-known firm of Bronnley, and has for its companion the delightful English Fern specialities which include soap, perfume, and bath essence. The latter suggests the fragrance of woods and country lanes on a summer evening. These and all Bronnley's preparations are sold practically everywhere

Modern Aids to Beauty

An "English Fern" Bath

BATHS play an important part in life's routine, and are extremely beneficial in every sense, provided the water is soft and the right temperature. So many people, however, like to stay for hours in steaming hot water which, even though it may sooth jaded nerves, nevertheless encourages relaxed pores and flabby muscles. The most healthy treatment is a warm bath every morning followed by a cool shower to brace the nerves and contract the pores. If the water is hard, Bronnley's English Fern Bath Crystals should be added. Their fragrance suggests the scent of woods and country lanes on a summer evening, and their tonic effect is unrivalled. For perfuming water which is already soft, there is a highly concentrated Bath Essence which is absolutely soluble and will not leave any stain round the edge of the bath.

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AND now about Bronnley's latest creation—"123" soap which contains nourishing properties in the form of turtle oil. It lathers perfectly and is so pure that it cannot harm the most sensitive skin. In fact, it is highly recommended for the face, though with dry skins Lemon Cream should be applied first. This will not only help to dislodge any deep-seated impurities, but will nourish the tissues and prevent any tendency to roughness. "123" soap is available in many refreshing perfumes, including Honeysuckle and Gardenia.

Hats for the Country and Abroad

HATS for all occasions may be seen at Woodrow's, 46, Piccadilly, though a special feature is made of country hats which will withstand the rain. The Homburg and Robin Hood in unspottable felt are included among the new autumn models. Both are equally becoming and can also be made in a velour with a velvet finish. Then there is the new square-fronted beret in Orkney Thistledown, accompanied by a scarf and gauntlet gloves. These are sold separately or in sets and are available in a variety of brightly coloured checks and spots. Double Terais for people going abroad can be made to order, while fine straw hats are sold all the year round for the benefit of people wintering on the continent. They are designed to shade the eyes as much as possible and in some cases have dark underbrims. An illustrated catalogue will gladly be sent post free on application.

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We are glad to be able to announce that His Grace the Duke of Portland has consented to the publication in "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" of a part of his memoirs of Hunting & Racing, which are to be published in book form in September by Messrs. Faber & Faber. The first instalment will appear in the issue of August 23rd.

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

A Midsummer Night's Dream.—A lovely production in a perfect "Dream" setting; Fay Compton and Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Titania and Oberon: Open Air Theatre, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Close Quarters.—Fine acting by Flora Robson and Oscar Homolka in this two-charactered drama with a murder foundation: Savoy, 8.45. Wed., Thurs., 2.45.

This Desirable Residence.—Intelligent, sensitive acting by Marie Ney as the girl of the 'nineties who wanted to marry below her; Frederick Leister as the Victorian father, Eric Portman as the young man: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

The Dominant Sex.—Someone 's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

God, Man and Devil.—A play in three acts by Jacob Gordon. Produced by Maurice Schwartz and presented by the Yiddish Art Theatre Players of America: His Majesty's, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Love on the Dole.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Man and Superman.—First of the plays in Charles Macdona's Shavian season. The stars are Esmé Percy and Margaret Rawlings: Cambridge, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

The Mask of Virtue.—A Restoration comedy written to-day; it 's polished, witty, naughty; the stars are Jerome de Casalis, Lady Tree, Vivien Leigh, Frank Lester: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Noah.—A great impersonation of Noah by John Gielgud; Marjorie Fielding is Mrs. Noah; this English version of Obey's drama has much of the profundity, humour and poetry of the original: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Sweet Aloes.—Diana Wynyard's fine acting as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play must be seen again: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Tovarich.—First-class theatrical value as to story and dialogue, and a fine cast headed by Eugénie Leontovich and Cedric Hardwicke: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

The Unguarded Hour.—Strong legal drama attacking dangers of circumstantial evidence. Fine performances by Godfrey Tearle and Malcolm Keen: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., 2.30.

The Wind and the Rain.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Celia Johnson plays the part as heroine: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

Anything Goes.—You 'll like Cole Porter's music, Jeanne Aubert's shining effectiveness, Sydney Howard's fooling, and the whole speedy, decorative, amusing show: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Gay Deceivers.—A musical nonsense; Clifford Mollison and Charlotte Greenwood do some superb fooling; Claire Luce and Gina Malo dance and look decorative: Coliseum, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Glamorous Night.—Not for the critical sophisticate, but it 's got everything a full-size Ruritanian musical comedy can have, including Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Love Laughs—!—Renée Houston is the shining star of this cheerful musical comedy with a film studio story; Laddie Cliff, Alan Kearns, Barbara Newberry are in it too: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Revudeville No. 64. — Milne and West give another of their absurdities. Pearl Hackney and Ivor Beddoes are in a ballet of the elements. The cast includes Geoffrey Denton, Norah Chapman, and a newcomer, Eric Barker: Windmill, 1.20—11.30 non-stop.

1066 and All That.—The most original revue in London; history burlesqued into fits of laughter; and the cast obviously enjoy themselves: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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Tulip Time.—Twice nightly comedy with music. George Gee, Steve Geray, Jean Colin and Sydney Fairbrother in unsophisticated humour and colourful scenes: Alhambra, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

Night Must Fall.—Don't go if you 're nervous—Emlyn Williams acts the young murderer too well; there 's humour as well as horror in this excellent play: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Someone at the Door.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a lowbrow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neil are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

The Two Mrs. Carrolls.—It 's a well-acted play about a wife-poisoner—Leslie Banks; Louise Hampton, Elena Miramova, and Joan Maude as wives past, present, to come: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Vintage Wine.—Seymour Hicks has revived this comedy; Julia Neilson and Greer Garson are in it too: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Night

Full House.—New comedy, by Ivor Novello, with Lilian Braithwaite, Isabel Jeans, Heather Thatcher, Hubert Harben, Robert Andrews: Haymarket, to-night, at 8.

CINEMAS

All the King's Horses.—A gay musical of the Ruritanian type. The cast is headed by Carl Brisson, Mary Ellis and Edward Everett Horton: Plaza.

Black Sheep.—A comedy drama starring Edmund Lowe as a professional ship's gambler. Claire Trevor is the other star and Tom Brown, Eugene Pallette and Adrienne Ames support. Also Party Wire, a comedy drama starring Jean Arthur and Victor Jory: Capitol.

Boys Will be Boys.—Will Hay as the headmaster of "Narkover" in a hilarious comedy. Gordon Harker, Jimmy Hanley, Claude Dampier and Norma Varden are in the cast: Tivoli.

The Clairvoyant.—Claude Rains as a man of mystery in a British-made thriller with Fay Wray in the cast: New Gallery.

The Crusades.—Henry Wilcoxson, Loretta Young and Catherine de Mille in Cecil B. de Mille's colourful spectacle of Richard Cour de Lion's crusade to the Holy Land: Carlton.

Der Schimmelreiter (The Rider on the White Horse).—The legend and folk-lore of the Friesians with exquisite photographic cameos of land and sea: Academy.

False Faces.—A gangster story, fast-moving and packed with thrills that give ample acting scope to Richard Arlen, Alice Brady, Virginia Bruce, and Bruce Cabot: London Pavilion.

The Murder Man.—Spencer Tracy and Virginia Bruce in a powerful thriller, supported by a strong cast, which includes Lionel Atwill, Harvey Stephens and Robert Barrat: Empire.

One More Spring.—Screen version of the novel by Robert Nathan and directed by Henry King. Warner Baxter and Janet Gaynor teamed up once more: Regal.

Rome Express.—The revival of one of the most popular of British talkies. It is to be followed by another famous British film, I Was A Spy: Curzon.

The Thirty-Nine Steps.—John Buchan's thriller (stars—Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll; director—Alfred Hitchcock) is now at the Marble Arch Pavilion.

Where 's George.—A cheery comedy, starring Sydney Howard as the henpecked blacksmith of a Yorkshire village, who dreams of being a Wild West villain, but lives to be a Rugby League hero: Leicester Square.

BALLET

Ballets Russes.—Last week of Colonel de Basil's Season at Covent Garden.

Cotillon, Scheherazade, Choreartium: to-day, 2.30.

Femmes de Bonne Humeur, Cent Baisers, Tricorne: to-night, 8.45.

Cotillon, Thamar, Aurora's Wedding: August 22nd, 8.45.

Femmes de Bonne Humeur, Cent Baisers, L'Oiseau de Feu: August 23rd, 8.45.

Cent Baisers, Femmes de Bonne Humeur, L'Oiseau de Feu: August 24th, 2.30.

Boutique Fantasque, Thamar, Choreartium: August 24th, 8.45.

MUSIC

Promenade Concerts.—Sir Henry Wood conducting the B.B.C. Orchestra: Queen's Hall, 8.

To-Night: Brahms Concert; Fourth Symphony; Szigeti plays the Violin Concerto.

August 22nd: Mixed programme, including Schubert's Unfinished Symphony; Bax's Symphonic Variations (Harriet Cohen); Stravinsky's "Firebird."

August 23rd: Beethoven Concert; First and Seventh Symphonies ; the Grinke Trio play.

August 24th: Mixed programme, including Brahm's Haydn Variations, Schumann's Piano Concerto in A minor (Irene Scharrer); Heddle Nash and Jo Vincent sing.

August 26th: Wagner Concert; May Blyth and Parry Jones as soloists.

August 27th: Russian Concert, including Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, Stravinsky's Violin Concerto in D (Antonio Brosa).

EXHIBITIONS

Summer Exhibition of Oils and Water-colours.—John, Nash, Gill, Sickert, etc.: Redfern Gallery, Old Bond Street.

Paintings by British and French Artists.—Lefevre Galleries, King Street, St. James's.

National Radio Exhibition: Olympia, to August 24th.

DANCING AND DINING

Out of London

Ace of Spades, Kingston By-Pass.—Dancing to Percy Chandler's band in the pool-side ballroom every night; restaurant and pool open all night.

Ace of Spades, Great West Road.—Pool-side restaurant and large new swimming-pool open all night.

Amwell Club, Great Amwell, Ware, Herts.—Restaurant, swimming-pool, golf, tennis, and garden with children's paddling-pool and fountains.

Birch Hotel, Haywards Heath.—Picturesque swimming pool with improved type of filtration and lovely garden.

Blue Pool, Camberley.—Restaurant, swimming, lovely surroundings; ideal for sun-bathing.

Gay Adventure, Esher.—Swimming in the sterilised and warmed pool; sun-bathing in the lovely garden; dancing to Tony Eldridge's band.

Hautboy Hotel, Ockham, Surrey.—Old-world garden; good food in the unique dining-room; best cocktails on the road; no swimming—but a smuggler's den!

King's Head, Horsham.—Although installed with modern equipment, still has the 1401 atmosphere; renowned for its cellars and genuine old-fashioned English fare.

Morrell's, West Wickham.—Dine and dance in the "Garden of England," nightly cabaret. Merlin Morgan and his music; swimming.

Ye Olde Bell Hotel, Hurley, Berks.—Tennis, golf, fishing, boating and bathing. Fully licensed and under personal supervision.

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• GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Bassano

Ursula Tyldesley Jones

Is the younger daughter of W. E. Tyldesley Jones, K.C., and Mrs. Tyldesley Jones, of 11, Wetherby Gardens, S.W.5, and is engaged to F. A. Hopkinson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lennox Hopkinson, of Hans Street, S.W.1

Bassano

Margaret Paterson

Is engaged to John Foster Robinson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Robinson, of St. Vincent's Hall, Clifton, Bristol; her parents are Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Paterson, of Kenilworth, Cape Town, South Africa

Kay Vaughan

Prudence Close-Brooks

Is the daughter of Mrs. J. C. Close-Brooks, of Liscombe House, Frensham, Surrey, and is to marry David Davies-Scourfield, Welsh Guards, son of Mrs. Gwyn Davies-Scourfield, of Myrtle Grove, Patching, Sussex, on September 25th

Bassano

Margaret Worsley

Is engaged to Major Mark Collet, M.C., Royal Marines, son of the late H. V. B. Collett; she is the daughter of the late E. G. Worsley, Grenadier Guards, and Mrs. W. Rashleigh, of Meadow House, Chardstock, Somerset

Lenare

Thelma Thomson

Has announced her engagement to Lieut. Walter Elliot, R.N., of H.M.S. London; she is the elder daughter of Captain G. P. Thomson, R.N., and Mrs. Thomson, of Suncourt, Lee-on-the-Solent, Hants

Navana

Daphne Noble-Partridge

Is the daughter of the late George Noble Partridge, of Cardiff, and Mrs. Noble Partridge, of Temple Fortune Mansions, Golder's Green, and is engaged to Dr. Alan Booth, of King Street, Portman Sq.

Bassano

Elsie Quayle

Is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Quayle, of Bigrigg, Cumberland; her fiancé is Eric S. Drew, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Drew, of Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park

Hay Wrightson

Elizabeth Henriques

Is engaged to John Robert Hale, elder son of Colonel and Mrs. W. Churchill Hale, of Laines, Plumpton, Sussex; her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Harold L. Q. Henriques, of 107, Onslow Square, S.W.

Bertram Park

Petronel Milner

Petronel Frances Mary Milner, only child of the late William Milner, and Mrs. Milner, of Moore House, Moore, Cheshire, is engaged to Edward Ronald Pettit, 9th Lancers, only son of Colonel and Mrs. H. R. Pettit, of Castle Weir, Lyonshall, Herts

Hay Wrightson

Mrs. Althea Black

Is to marry in November Sir Francis Allen, son of the late Sir Frederick Allen, and Lady Allen, of Wood End, Marlow, Bucks; her parents are O. L. Hanks, of Wallesey Bay, Essex, and Mrs. Charles Black, of Ocklynge Manor House, Eastbourne

Pearl Freeman

Cecily Bargrave Deane

Is the daughter of the late Captain W. Bargrave Deane, and Mrs. Deane, of Ensleigh House, Ham Common, and granddaughter of the late Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane, and is engaged to John Sandars, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sandars, of Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks

Dorot

Jennie Brisco-George

Is the younger daughter of the la A. J. George, and Mrs. Brisco George, of Allford House, Put Lane, and sister of Lady Selby she is engaged to Jarrard C. G Dunolly, of Zeidab, Sudan, so of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. K. J. G Dunolly, of Goldalming, Surre

Patmore — McCulloch

Michael Patmore and Netta McCulloch, who were married in the fifteenth-century church at Pinner. The bride's father is a well-known Scottish politician, and succeeded the late Lord Oxford as Liberal candidate for the Paisley division

Campbell — Lawrie

John Campbell, Writer to the Signet, and Edith Mary Lawrie after their wedding at St. Baldred's Church, Edinburgh. The bride is the daughter of Mr. W. E. G. Lawrie, 3, Douglas Crescent, Edinburgh, and of the late Mrs. Lawrie

Lineham — Curle

Captain J. D. G. Lineham, Royal Artillery, and Barbara Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Curle, of Priorwood, Melrose. leaving Holy Trinity, Melrose. The bridegroom is the younger son of Mrs. Lineham, of Totnell House, Leigh, Dorset

Johnson — Foster

Mr. Drummond S. W. Johnson, of the Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment, and Leonie, the daughter of Major and Mrs. P. J. Foster, leaving the parish church at Lexden, near Colchester. The bride's parents live at Newton Lodge, Colchester

Wise — Dowse

Lieut. Basil James Carlisle Wise, R.N., and Lorna, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Dowse, of Enfield Chase, who were married at Christ Church, Cockfosters. The bridegroom's parents, Engineer Commander A. S. Wise, R.N., and Mrs. Wise, live at Swanage

Curtis — Pryor

Gerald Colville Seymour Curtis and Decima, the youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn Pryor, leaving St. Michael's Church, Bishop's Stortford. The bridegroom is the third son of the late Sir George Curtis and of Lady Curtis, of Dinard

Kay Vaughan

Doris Patrickson

Is to marry Michael Palmer Horsley in October. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Patrickson, of Ward Hill, Rowledge, Surrey, and Valparaiso, and his are the late H. P. Horsley, and Mrs. Horsley, of Ferriby Mount, North Ferriby, Yorkshire

Pearl Freeman

Patricia Bowen

Is the eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. Bowen, of Newton Grove, W.4; she announced her engagement last month to Hubert Slaughter, only son of the late Frederick Slaughter, and Mrs. Slaughter, of Sleyning, Sussex

Yvonne Gregory

Betty Gardner

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gardner, Calleywell, Aldington, Kent, and is to marry Aylmer D. W. Bird, North Staffordshire Regiment, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. A. Bird, of Ulborough, Newton Abbott

Bassano

Kathleen Arch

Another July engagement was between Kathleen Arch, second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Arch, of Keresley Grange, Warwickshire, and Louis Mitchell-Henry, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Mitchell-Henry

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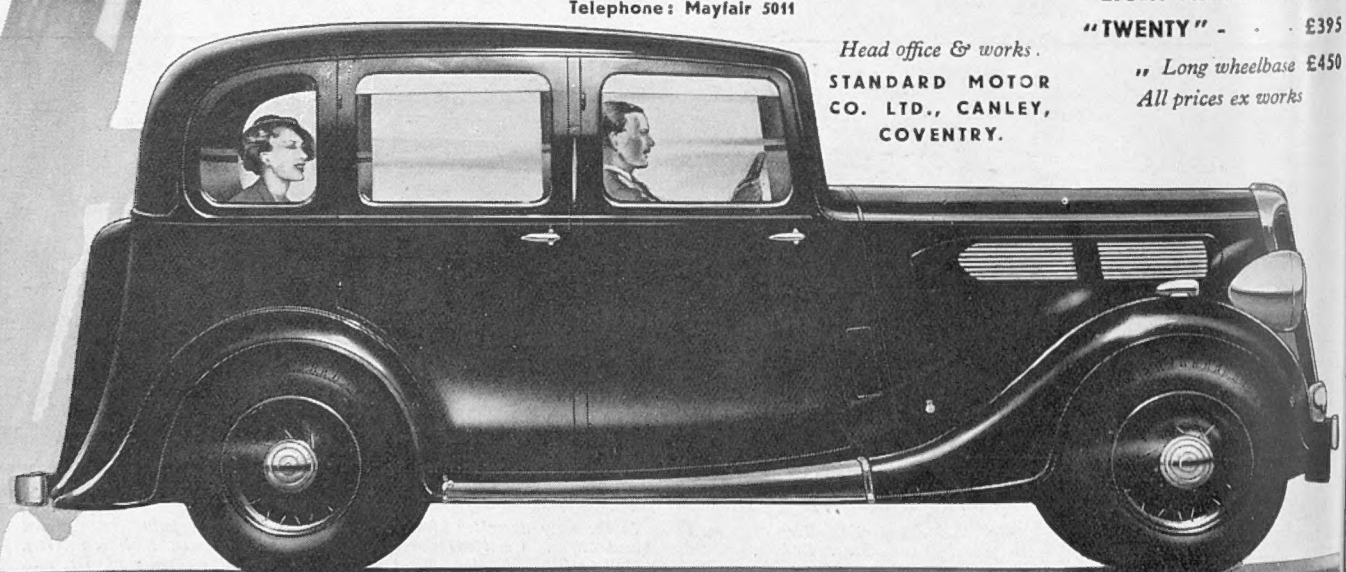

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